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The Sketch

No. 2146.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

JANET JEVONS.

MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS, the enchanting French actress, has made an enormous hit in her first English-speaking part — that of Mélanie, in "Conversation Piece," Noel Coward's latest success at His Majesty's.

PRINTEMPS, THE JOY OF "CONVERSATION PIECE."

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

THE TOP-HAT.

SOME recent correspondence in the newspapers has set us all thinking on the solemn subject of top-hats. The word seemed to come floating back to one's consciousness as from some previous existence or from a long-vanished dream. Top-hat? Yes, that black, cylindrical, glossy thing—of course! How the past seemed to rise up as that strange, unwieldy object, so reminiscent of pre-war—or was it pre-Flood?—days took shape before the mind's eye!

Probably like many others, I began to wonder whether I *had* a top-hat. I have a distinct impression that there is one concealed somewhere about the house. I believe it is in one of those leather-bucket things, beautifully lined with blue velvet. It cannot have been so many years since my eye rested on it. I took it out, I forget why—either for a wedding or a funeral: anyhow, for some melancholy occasion or other. On being brought to the unaccustomed light of day, it resembled an infuriated cat. All its fur was in a state of violent agitation, indicating a profound nervous shock. This may have been due to sheer surprise at being disturbed from a tomb-like seclusion, or it may have been due to repeated attacks by moths, silver-fish, mildew, mould, green-fly, phylloxera, and other hereditary enemies. Anyhow, I had to rush the thing off to a hatter's to be ironed and blocked and otherwise tortured into something which did not too pointedly suggest the music-hall stage. Even as it was, my hat fascinated the officiating clergyman, and nearly put him off his game at a critical moment—either when he was committing the body to the earth or when he was pronouncing them man and wife, I forget which. I was holding the thing as inconspicuously as possible, but its strange markings, hitherto unknown to science, caught the clergyman's eye. It was an awkward moment. However, we all got through somehow without disaster.

That was the last time I saw it, and when I read all this correspondence about the former glory of the top-hat, I had a strong impulse to evoke this ghost from the shades. So far, I have not been able to do so, because the sarcophagus and its mummified contents cannot be found. It is even denied that they exist. I know better. That leather bucket, with its guilty secret, is definitely *in esse*, but it has met with one of two possible fates. It may have been put away in its proper place; and when once things are put away in their proper place, they are, for all practical purposes, lost to sight, though possibly to memory dear. Or else it has gone to that great limbo of the unwanted, the unworn, and the unwearable—that bottomless abyss known as the Jumble Sale. Imagination falters at the attempt to calculate the number of top-hats which, in recent years, have poured into jumble sales. What becomes of them all? It is as great a mystery as the unsolved problem of the winter quarters of flies.

Ah, well, perhaps it is all for the best that that hat cannot be found. Awkward questions might have arisen. What style would it have been? Early Perpendicular or Late Baroque? Would it have been found to have succumbed entirely to the mange? When placed upon the head, would it have lent a certain dignity to an unassuming exterior, or would it have excited tactless merriment among the young? Would it have been greeted with cries of—

"Where did you get that hat?
Where did you get that tile?
Isn't it a nobby one,
And just in the latest style"?

But no, that was all long ago, when hats were hats; I was forgetting. We are living in the twentieth century. We are even approaching the middle of it. Things are not what they used to be.

And yet, so slowly does time move, this curious prehistoric species is not quite extinct. It is true, as we have been reminded lately, that it is no longer *de rigueur* among Members of Parliament, and our legislators no longer divert themselves by placing an eloquent Honourable Member's hat where he will sit on it when he has finished his peroration. But a few die-hards still maintain the cult. Undertakers, of course, lead this movement, but it also includes certain members of the clergy, not to mention bridegrooms, conjurers, family solicitors, bank-messengers, stockbrokers' clerks, college porters at Cambridge, one or two old-fashioned financiers, and a few bookmakers. Then there are junior Etonians, though I understand that there is some question of their forsaking this honourable tradition. And of course there are always the visitors to the Eton and Harrow match and to Ascot. So long as there is a considerable body of adherents, it cannot be said that the top-hat, despite the cold neglect which has been its fate in many quarters, has entirely disappeared from human ken.

If I ever find my hat again, which seems very unlikely, or if I ever buy another one or win one on a bet, which seems more unlikely still, there is one thing I will *not* do with it. I will not take it to the theatre. I am a little out of touch with recent fashions in this matter, but a few years ago it was considered low and caddish to wear anything but a shiner with "full fig" to the theatre. Even the opera-hat, that pleasing and ingenious toy, fell into discredit, from which it has never recovered. The results were appalling to the wearer, though doubtless gratifying to hat manufacturers. One visit to the stalls was sufficient to reduce an expensive and refulgent hat to the condition of a genuine antique. Whatever revival there may be in the top-hat, I am not going to be caught like that again. For funerals, perhaps; for weddings, if unavoidable; but a plaything and a doormat for stall-holders—that my hat shall never be!

"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.

Just to remind you, we began our very popular silver series of film favourites with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Madeleine Carroll, Jessie Matthews, Elisabeth Bergner, Miriam Hopkins, and Merle Oberon. This week we give a study of Miss Janet Gaynor, and next week we shall publish one of

MISS LILIAN HARVEY.

If any of our readers happen to have missed one of these fascinating portraits, they may think it worth while to write to our Publishing Office at 346, Strand, on the chance that a copy of the missing back number may be in stock.

THE ABSENT-MINDED SCRAWL OF THE SCENE-PAINTER.

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.

LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX (right) and her small son, the HON. JULIAN HENRY PETER BROUGHAM, posed with her sister, MRS. VYVYAN DRURY, and MISS ROMAYNE DRURY for this pretty family party in Mrs. Drury's Pont Street house. Lady Brougham was formerly Miss Valerie French, and Mrs. Drury was Miss Essex French. They are the daughters of the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. French, and granddaughters of the first Earl of Ypres. The Hon. Julian Brougham was born in 1932. He is great friends with his small cousin, Romayne Drury.

CONVERSATION QUARTET — BY SISTERS AND COUSINS.

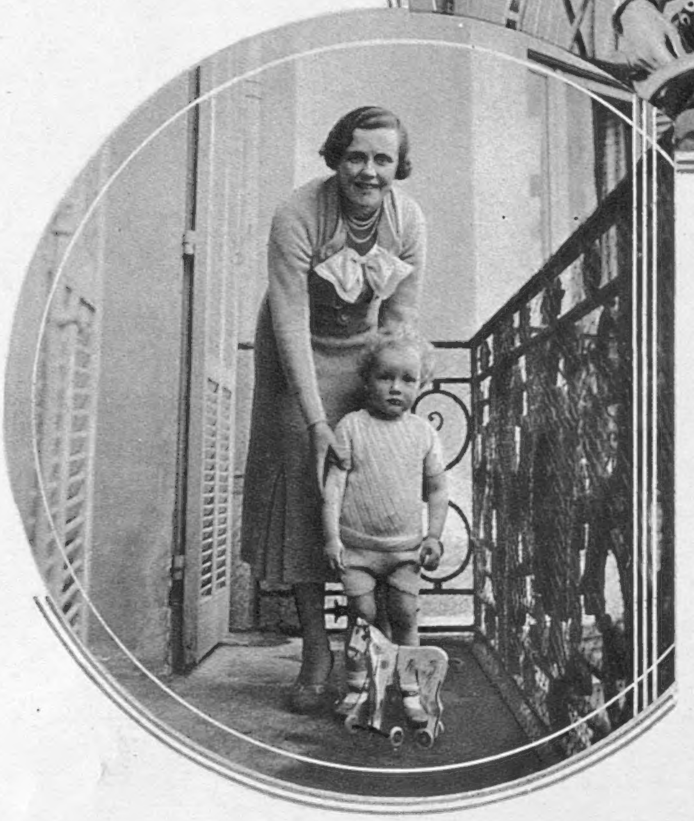
(Left) ROMAYNE DRURY and her cousin, the HON. JULIAN BROUGHAM, are the best of friends.

RIVIERA ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

MRS. EDWARD CRIPPS in Cannes sunshine. She is the popular wife of Mr. "Ted" Cripps, the Government broker, who is a cousin to the Hon. Fred Cripps. She and her husband recently gave a big dinner at Les Ambassadeurs.



(Left) MRS. HARRY CRAWLEY-ROSS-SKINNER and her son, HARRY-JOHN, were snapped on the balcony of their flat at Cannes. Harry-John is Harry the Third, his grandfather being Sir "Harry" Ross-Skinner, and his father Major "Harry" Ross-Skinner. Mrs. Crawley-Ross-Skinner was Miss Joan Crawley. She owns a fine property near Luton.

The DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON is arriving at the Miramar, Cannes, by car. She is attending meetings with the French Branch of the Humane Slaughter League, in which she is interested.

DO YOU KNOW ?—That the Kingsley Macombers have a tame baby lion on their yacht at Monte Carlo. That several hostesses have tame adult lions in their villas. That Michael Arlen's garden is full of palms and prams, the latter containing his children. That his next two novels will appear simultaneously, one grave, one gay. That the said Michael is more polished than his most polished characters — possessing a social ease only equalled by Sir Gerald du Maurier, left alone in the first act with a box of cigarettes.

And, again, do you know tea 's a very smart moment on the Riviera, whereas tea-time in London 's a homelike or a dowdy one ? At Nice, that Scotch tea-place is thronged ; at Monte Carlo, rival establishments flourish ; and in Cannes the London Tea-Rooms opposite the Casino have a full house from 4 p.m. Lord Devonport may be seen there negotiating toasted buns, and Mme. Paul Dubonnet, marvellously though—as always—simply arrayed, eats layer cake like a good American. Her three-year-old daughter leads the social life of the diminutive set, giving and going to numerous " at-homes." Mlle. Dubonnet's favourite colour scheme includes red shoes and a yellow coatee—very Spanish. It 's quite normal to see children in Cannes, whereas at Monte Carlo they may exist but are neither seen nor heard. Lady Orr-Lewis's sister, Mrs. Hannay, has her very small boy, and the Ross-Skinners' " Harry-John " is a most engaging youth. His parents and grandparents (Sir " Harry " and Lady Ross-Skinner) rent flats in the same block. Their visitors have or will include Mrs. Stephen de Yerburgh-Bateson (Nina MacPherson-Grant), who was as much admired as usual, and the Ernest Montgomerys (Rosemary Noble), a nice soldier couple, he being in the H.L.I.

This background of villa or flat life is one of the most attractive things about the Riviera, because you can slip right out of hotel routine for an hour or a day or a week, if friends are inviting, returning to it rested and ready for the most stupendous parties and the most unexpected meetings—of such is the perfect (nearly) holiday compounded. At the Burton villa and on the Burton yacht (" Bill," not " Pomeroy ") much goes on. The host 's bored with his caption " millionaire artist "—he 's firstly an artist and secondly a rich man. The two so seldom coincide that we must forgive his conviction that Art 's more important than Mammon. We 're for Mammon every time, and mammoth at that. Mr. Burton paints well, and his present subject is one of the most striking women in the world. Six-feet-two, with dark hair to her shoulders, great dark eyes full of mystery, and a Burne-Jones jaw, young Mrs. Stewart (formerly married to " Willie " Rhinelander Stewart, and *née* Miss Laura Biddle, of Newport, consequently from America's most exclusive world) would set the Thames on fire—probably has, while I 've been sitting by some other river. And her speaking voice doesn't let you down, being soft and low. She 's driven over to the villa for sittings most days by Jaque-Catelain, France's blonde film-hero, who 's about to make a picture in England. (Note.—We should be glad to make the acquaintance of a screen star not in this happily expectant state.)

Partly because of roulette, the Cannes Casino 's very full, but there 's a *va-et-vient* between all resorts. This tendency to live in Cannes and dine at Monte Carlo, or live in Monte Carlo and lunch in Cannes, means crowded Corniches, high-speed gossip, odious comparisons, such as " Are the Hoffman Girls better than the Monte Carlo Follies ? " and plenty of new faces, or old faces not too often. Recent parties include Lady Adare's farewell at Monte Carlo ; Mrs. " Ted " Cripps's welcome to her husband at Cannes ; and the Russells' for Maeterlinck and his Countess, though the hostess, Lady Patricia, wasn't well enough to be there. She 's never fully recovered from a motor smash and looks rather frail, but very interesting with that well-modelled head and wise brow.

Maeterlinck, author, philosopher, and mystic, seldom goes to restaurants, and hadn't seen the Girl Show before. His comment, " *C'est idiot, mais c'est charmant*," made us laugh. He 's elderly, bluff, pink-cheeked, with thick, straight white hair and small, astute eyes. When a pair of dancers, dressed in flowing neutral velvets, did an allegorical ballet with many soulful gestures, Henry Clews, junior (who married the former Mrs. Henry Ainley) reacted favourably ; but Maeterlinck said : " *Elles sont prétentieuses et puis c'est du mysticism*," with a wicked little smile. We told him he was the last man in the world who should laugh at things mystic, considering his reputation ; but he claimed this has been wished on him by the public, and that he 's nothing but a plain, simple fellow. That 's how genius tries to turn in its tracks.

The table was "tastefully decorated" with violets and small stuffed birds in honour of the "Blue Bird" (which should not be confused by the younger generation with Sir Malcolm Campbell's favourite "bus"), and those asked to meet *le Maître* included Mrs. Henry Clews, senior, her daughter, Mrs. Vanneck (who married Lord Huntingdon's brother); Mr. Norman Field, who has a lot of racehorses and a millionaire cousin called Marshall; the beautiful Mrs. Stewart, dressed in black jet, black eye-shadow, and a black mantilla; the Princess of Montenegro, who's most popular on this coast; and Lady Adare, driven over from Monte Carlo in forty minutes by Commander Dugdale, who's since driven himself all the way to Calais—we hope not in less than four hours.

There's a wonderful Brazilian band at Les Ambassadeurs—real rumba stuff. They play afterwards at the Dolphin night club, under the Casino, where you finish the night after finishing your money upstairs. Those at a gala included Miss Peta Davis, dancing with her father, who has been confused by a section of the Press with a very well-known yachtsman. This Mr. Cyril Davis owns a yacht—two, to be accurate—but they're fairly recent acquisitions, and the other Mr. Davis is a noted "old salt," if such a democratic term can be applied to anyone rich enough to own even a cockle-shell. Peta's an extremely pretty girl, and lucky to have such an adoring parent. Her presentation by Lady St. John of Bletsoe is scheduled. Her presence among "*Les* Débutantes" at the Savoy was duly recorded.

Another beauty in the room is Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont, whose husband may give a twenty-first-birthday party for her in May. She was really married at eighteen (so many women were in retrospect, though not in fact), and is even lovelier now than when she first shone on London. Her father-in-law, a very well-known figure in the City, is with them. Baroness de Ramsay's with her husband and daughter; the King of Denmark with his Queen; Sir Hugo de Bathe in a big crowd with the King of Sweden and Lady de Bathe, *chic*, as is the graceful Grand Duchess Boris. Platinum blondes have shaded away to henna, but Mrs. Francis Francis remains silvery flaxen in spite of fashion. She and her husband are with a lot of young people, including the Onslow Fanes—yes, there ARE young people on the Riviera this year. The Saviles, dancing together, have now returned to her horses, hoping for a good year. Lord Glanely, cigar in hand, is being chaffed about Colombo (now at "threes") by "Toney" Llewellyn, whose brother-in-law, Hylton Philipson, has been sighted at Monte Carlo in a Brigade tie.

Later at the tables we see the only genuine platinum blonde, or "lint-white lassie" in G.B.—Lady Edward Hay, with Lady Stanley, whose smoked glasses contribute to her day-time uniform. She always wears them, also one of the famous Cadogan coats and skirts, or a tailored coat in the same tradition. We offer a prize to anyone who has seen her in those flowing feminine draperies associated with her stage namesake—Portia.

M. André, the acknowledged "king" of Deauville and successor to Cornuché, hovers round the roulette with a benign smile. He's full of plans for an earlier Deauville season, and has arranged an air service from Heston to the Forêt de St. Gatien (four miles from the Royale) in under two hours. This should improve on that painful boat trip and subsequent transfer to an animated tug from Havre onwards. It will be a daily occurrence and not expensive. Personally, we're usually sick in the air and never on the ocean—but you pays your money and you takes your choice.

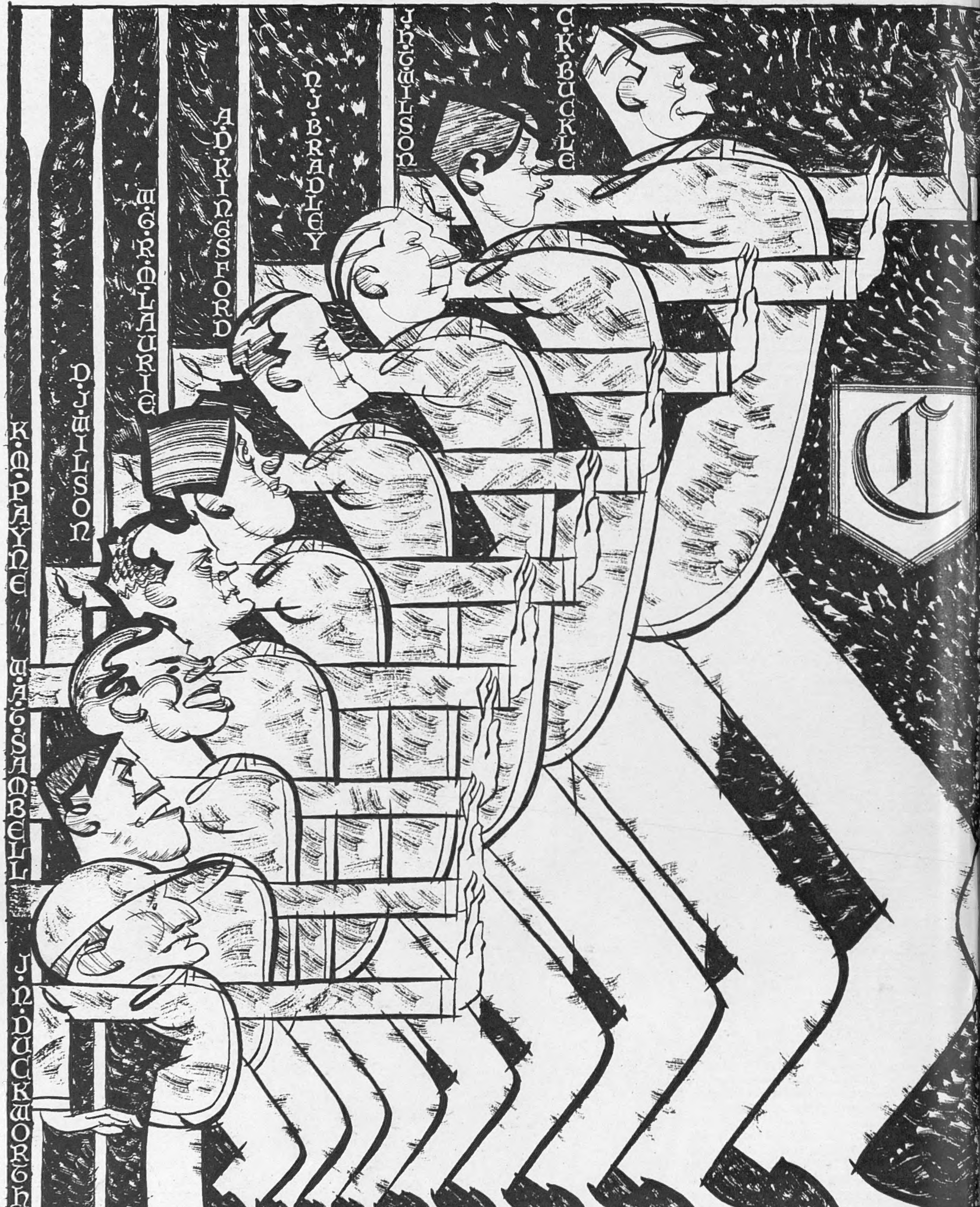
SPORT. Tennis on the courts near the Miramar is popular. Edmund Burke coaches the Queen of Siam. Golf at Mandelieu (much favoured by Lord Glanely) and golf at Mougins (with Michael Scott *comme attraction*) account for all the outdoor crowd not playing at Cagnes, where Paul Dubonnet has won prizes. Monte Carlo-ites play at Mont-Agel, which may be a bit rough, but is very good when you consider the altitude, and the snow of yester-month.

MRS. HUGH DE ROUGEMONT, with her father-in-law, Mr. de Rougemont, the Chairman of Lloyds. They are recent Riviera arrivals.

(Below) MME. ANDRÉ, wife of the Casino magnate, is shown in the Cannes Casino with MME. DUCLOS and MLLE. YVETTE LABROUSÉE, the "Miss Europe" of 1931.

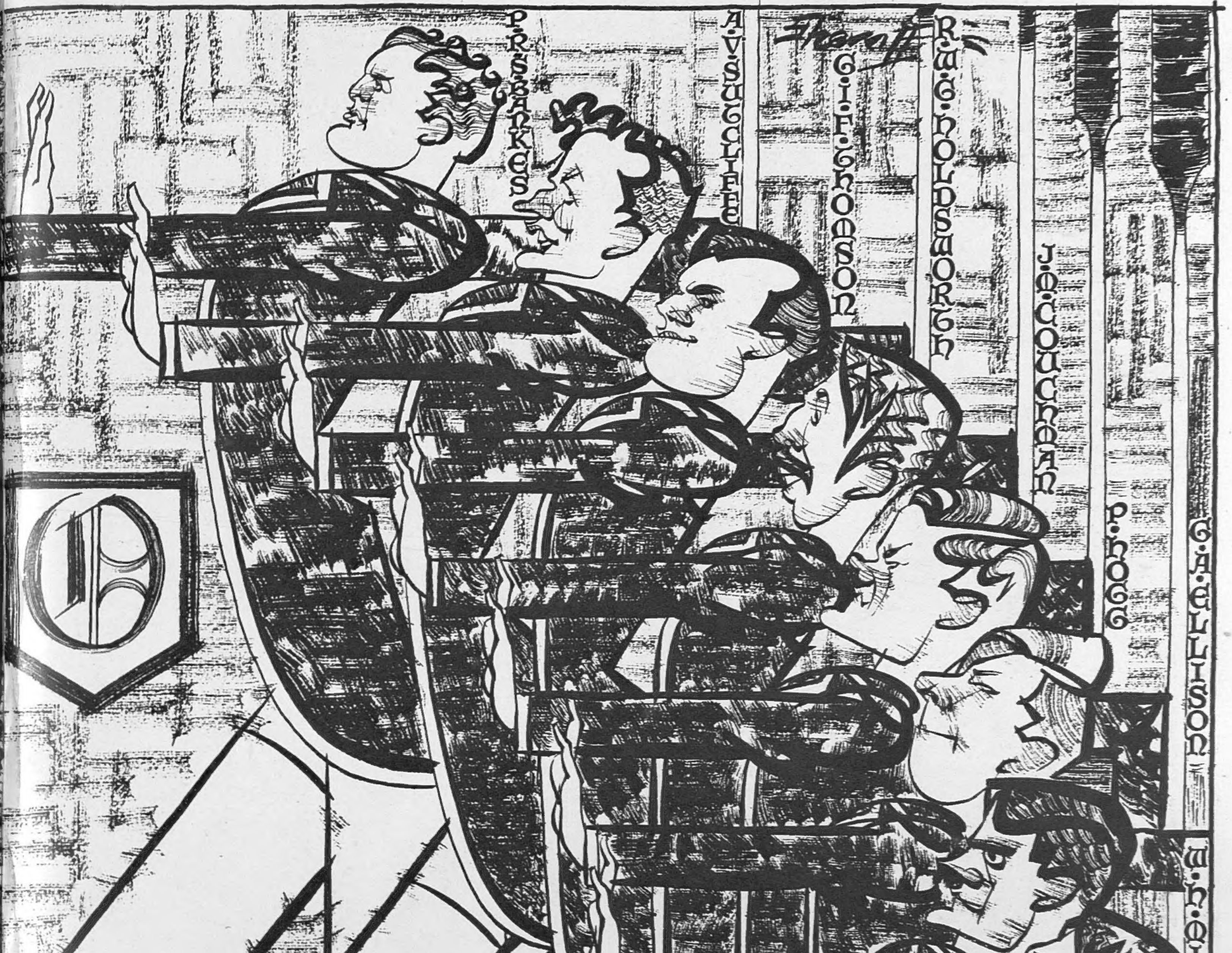
MME. DUBONNET at Villa Edelweiss with one of her lunch guests, MISS MIMI BURKE, the lawn-tennis player. Mme. Dubonnet is noted for her "chic," and is wearing a simple day dress in beige and brown, with white collar and cuffs.

MRS. LORENZO MITCHELL HENRY lives mostly in London and races in England, where she is a popular figure at race meetings. She is tall, fair, and very lovely. She is here at Monte Carlo.



"THE BOAT-

On these pages we give Sherriffs' impressions of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race crews as constituted when he sketched them—of course, what with "flu" and other accidents in the list of possibilities, alterations may be made before the actual day, which, need we say, is March 17. The Cambridge crew shown consists of C. K. BUCKLE (Eastbourne and Magdalene), J. H. T. WILSON (Shrewsbury and Pembroke), N. J. BRADLEY (Monkton Combe and Pembroke), A. D. KINGSFORD (Uppingham and Pembroke), W. G. R. M. LAURIE (Monkton Combe and Selwyn), D. J. WILSON (Melbourne, Australia, and Clare,) K. M. PAYNE (Eton



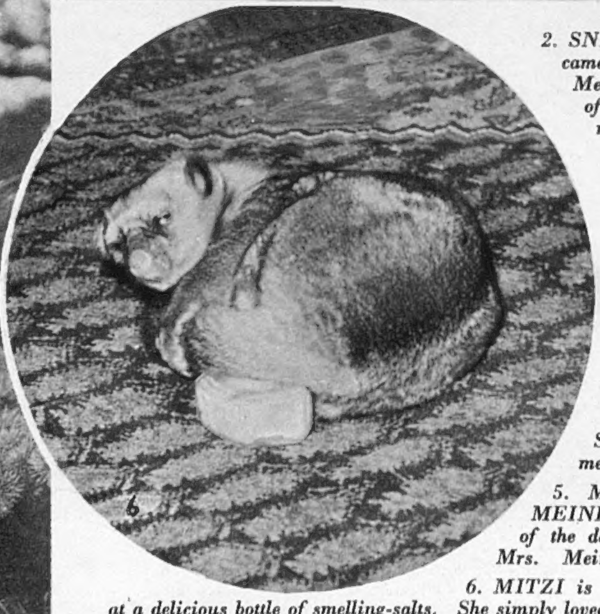
RACE BLUES."

and Third Trinity), W. A. T. SAMBELL (Melbourne, Australia, and Pembroke), and J. N. DUCKWORTH (cox; Lincoln and Jesus); and the Oxford crew shown consists of P. R. S. BANKES (Oundle and Christ Church), A. V. SUTCLIFFE (Shrewsbury and Trinity), G. I. F. THOMSON (Shrewsbury and Balliol), R. W. G. HOLDSWORTH (Shrewsbury and Brasenose), J. M. COUCHMAN (Sherborne and Christ Church), P. HOGG (Sherborne and New College), G. A. ELLISON (Westminster and New College), W. H. MIGOTTI (Radley and Worcester), and C. G. F. BRYAN (cox; Eton and Worcester).

SNICKERS AND MITZI — THE QUEER PETS.

1. Mrs. Meinertzhagen, of Theberton House, Leiston, Suffolk, had a pair of COATI-MUNDIS as pets until recently. Now she has only one; for GEORGIE, the female, died. Georgie was an entrancing pet, extremely tame. In fact, she lived in the house for two years.

4. Mrs. Meinertzhagen's other unusual pet is MITZI, the KINKAJOU, or HONEY-BEAR. She kindly gave our photographer a special sitting when she came up to London the other day with her owner. She travels in a basket. She is lying on the floor with a treasured piece of Turkish Delight in her paw.



2. SNICKERS, the male COATI-MUNDI, came over from Central America with Mrs. Meinertzhagen. He is now three or four years of age. He goes out for walks with his owner, runs up trees and then runs down and follows her. He gets small birds out of the trees, and is partial to eggs, which he cracks and sucks. He is very fond of scent, and, if given a pad of cotton-wool with perfume on it, will rub himself all over with it.

3. This is SNICKERS in the branches of one of the fine cedars at his country home, Theberton House, Leiston, Suffolk. Coati-mundis were in the news not long ago on account of the fact that two were killed in some waste land not far from Wolverhampton. One was chasing a baby when a boy killed it with a stone. Snickers has no connection with such vagrant members of his race!

5. MITZI consented to pose with MISS MEINERTZHAGEN. She likes to sleep most of the day—until 8.30 or 9, when she wakes up. Mrs. Meinertzhagen can do anything with her.

6. MITZI is here seen after having had a good sniff at a delicious bottle of smelling-salts. She simply loved it, and curled up with rapture after taking a deep breath. She rushed about while the photographer was taking her, climbed up and down the curtains, and then made a nest in the under-part of a chair. Later, she sat on the operator's shoulder and ruffled his hair with her paws.

SCHNITZ, THE PELICAN; OSCAR, THE PENGUIN; AND A RAT: QUEER PETS.

MISS CARYL BERGMAN, the well-known American actress, is the possessor of an original pet, Schnitz, the Pelican, familiarly known as "Ducky." This bird, which came from Egypt, was presented to her by an admirer. It is three years old, very tame, and amusing. When Miss Bergman first arrived in London she had some difficulty in booking hotel accommodation for Schnitz! She came over here in search of a show for herself, and has decided on "FIRES DIVINE," by Rosaline Rossomer, first tried out in 1925, at the Scala.

(Left)
MRS. CECIL McCONNEL—formerly Miss Elizabeth Pollock—is the possessor of a much-loved pet rat, here seen perched on her shoulder. She is well known in the stage world for her imitations. She is the younger daughter of Sir Adrian Pollock.

(Right)
MISS SALLY BLANE is here seen rehearsing Oscar, the screen star penguin, in his part for "No More Women." He had just had a three-day holiday (unauthorised) in the Pacific Ocean, but was successfully recaptured.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Fifty-Four Whales Stranded at Zanzibar. Some weeks ago a friend in Africa sent me a newspaper cutting with an extraordinary picture of a school of whales stranded in shallow water at Mtoni Bay, Zanzibar. I wrote at once to the photographer whose name appeared beneath the picture for a print to reproduce on this page. The photographer proved to be Mr. F. B. Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, Zanzibar, and he has kindly supplied a photograph. He states that it was an appalling sight to see these great animals, twelve to eighteen feet in length, struggling as the tide receded, and awe-inspiring to hear their heavy spasmodic breathing. As most of the whales bore scars or small circular wounds, it is thought probable that they were being chased by swordfish and ventured into shallow water to escape. Mr. Wilson states that a female in her struggles had given birth to a young one, which lay dead beside her.

The whales lay on the beach throughout the hot hours of the morning and afternoon. Efforts to move them only resulted in the friction against the sand tearing the skin off the underside owing to the weight of their bodies. Buckets of water were thrown over their bodies, and, when the advancing tide reached them, strong poles were used as levers to help many of the whales into deeper water. Some, which were unable to swim, were lashed by the tails to powerful motor-boats and towed out to sea. The majority of the whales appeared to recover, but the following tide left sixteen dead bodies on the beach. The spectacle caused great excitement in Zanzibar; people flocked to the scene by bus, car, cycle, and on foot.

Mr. Wilson mentions that an expert suggested that the whales may belong to the genus *Globicephalus Melas*, but their exact identity has not yet been established. From the photograph I should say that these animals were pilot-whales or "blackfish"—the second largest member of the dolphin family. They are called pilot-whales because they follow blindly in the wake of a leader. Schools of these animals have been stranded on our shores. A large number went ashore in the Beauly Firth some years ago, and more recently a smaller school stranded at Scarborough.

Diseases of Fish Bill. If the Diseases of Fish Bill passes through both Houses without mutilation—it has already passed through the House of Lords—it will place extensive powers in the hands of the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Secretary of State for Scotland. The Bill has been drafted on the recommendations of the Furunculosis Committee, and is designed to prevent the spreading of disease among salmon and fresh-water fish in Great Britain. Provisions relating to the restriction on importation of live fish and eggs of fish into Great Britain will meet with general approval, but I doubt whether this will be the case with some of the other and more drastic provisions in the Bill. Powers are sought to deal with outbreaks of furunculosis on fish farms on somewhat similar lines to those already in force with regard to foot-and-mouth disease, but—and it is a big "but" for the fish farmers—there is no word in the Bill about compensation.

In the case of outbreaks of disease the Minister will have powers to declare an area to be an infected area and prohibit or regulate the transport of live fish, eggs of fish, or fish food into or from that area. These powers are made retrospective and apply to any infections which have occurred within the previous twelve months. Surely the proclaiming of infected areas will mean a serious loss to any lessors of waters within such areas? Should the Bill become law, any angler will be guilty of an offence if he has reasonable grounds for suspecting that the water he is fishing is an infected water, or observes any unusual mortality among any fish therein and fails to report the facts by letter or telegram to the Minister or to the Fishery Board. Most anglers are more intent on causing an unusual mortality among the fish than in studying the provisions in a Bill, but I hope they will make an exception in this case.

Trout-Fishing in France. A friend who is best described as an inveterate trout fisherman tells me to warn anyone who intends to fish in France this year that the prospects are not good. Last year rivers were dead low and poaching rampant. If this summer is not a wet one, he fears that it will be very serious for all French rivers, and it may spell ruin for many of them. As my informant spends most of his time fishing, more often on French rivers than elsewhere, he is hardly likely to exaggerate the position.

Two Large Barbel Caught in the Hampshire Avon.

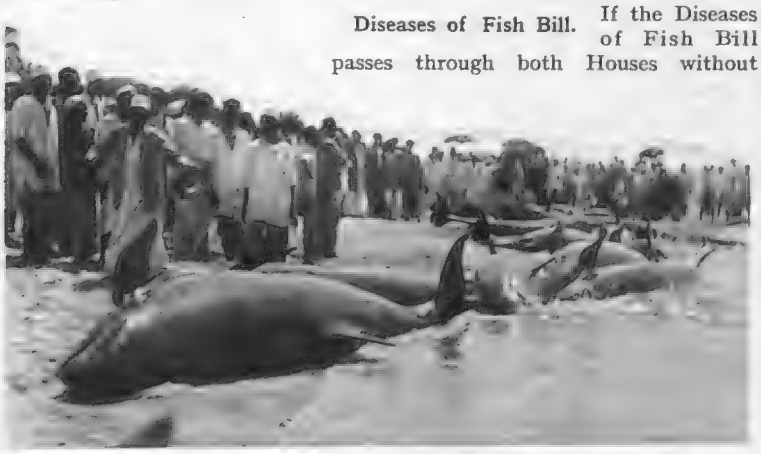
Two roach anglers have distinguished themselves this month by landing, on roach tackle, two of the huge barbel which frequent the lower reaches of the Avon near Christchurch. One of these fortunate anglers, Mr. G. Keeber, sent me particulars. He and his brother were fishing the Royalty Waters at Christchurch, and on March 1 Mr. T. Keeber succeeded in landing a barbel of 14 lb. Not to be outdone, Mr. G. Keeber hooked a bigger specimen on March 3. His net was far too small, but fortunately, another angler, Mr. P. Graves, came to his assistance, and, leaning over the bank, was able to grasp the fish by the gills and lift it out. The weight was 14 lb. 3 oz., Considering that both these fish were caught on lines of 3½ lb. breaking-strain, and casts of 3x, the brothers may feel proud.

R. L. MARSTON.

In our issue of February 21 we published a photograph of the World's Record Broadbill Swordfish, weighing 673 lb. We have just received this snapshot, showing a BROADBILL SWORDFISH weighing 681 lb. which was caught by Mr. W. S. Tuker, Manager of the Anglo-Chilean Nitrate and Railway Co., Ltd., who is on the right of the photo. The one and only No. 5 deep-sea rod and, tackle was used, and throughout the fight not one bit of rod or harness touched the launch. The fish was struck at 4 o'clock one afternoon, and played until 9.15 p.m.

This FINE CARP of 16 lb. was caught by Mr. J. J. Geoghegan in Hartebeestpoort Lake, which holds some of the biggest carp in South Africa.

MRS. OLIVER C. GRINNELL is seen with the rod and reel with which she captured the SWORDFISH in the photograph. It weighed between 400 and 450 lb., and was landed, after a twenty-hour fight, with the help of CAPTAIN WALTER BAKER (holding the tip). This is believed to be a record in Atlantic big-game fishing. The battle started about 9 a.m. on June 22, off Fire Island Lightship. Mrs. Grinnell presented bait to the giant broadbill, and saw it taken. She played the fish until 7 p.m., when Captain Baker took the line. He continued the fight until near 5 a.m., when Mrs. Grinnell relieved him. The fish was brought to gaff shortly afterwards. CAPTAIN FRANK SCALA (centre) assisted Captain Baker to manœuvre the small boat.



The WHALES WASHED ASHORE at Mtoni Bay, Zanzibar, presented an extraordinary sight. The episode is described in our article.

HALOED — AND EPAULETTED BEAUTY.

Every young woman of fashion has to-day been measured for her halo! Here is MISS BABA BEATON in hers, which proves most becoming. She is the younger of Mr. Cecil Beaton's two sisters. The elder—formerly Miss Nancy Beaton—is Lady Smiley; now the mother of an infant son and heir.

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY PAUL TANQUERAY.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. VII.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moment in the lives of some distinguished persons. MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, the brilliant actress, is the seventh to go into the "confessional."

"DAMN!" said Gertrude Lawrence, holding up a magnificent Spanish shawl and looking at it with violent distaste. "If there is one thing in the world I hate most, it's Spanish shawls."

"*To Miss Gertrude Lawrence, wishing her many happy returns of the day. From a sincere admirer.*"

She continued wrathfully reading the card that had accompanied the shawl in its wrapping. "A 'sincere admirer.' My hat!"

Gertrude Lawrence and I had been having tea in her flat when a consignment of birthday presents had arrived for her by the afternoon tea-time post. We had immediately forgotten all about tea and had pounced joyfully on the packages. Up till this moment, every parcel with its surprise contents had brought a series of delighted exclamations from her. "From Mary. Oh, but how sweet of her!" "Oh, how divine! Look what darling George has sent me." But now her face had changed, and she was very near to being furious.

"But——" I gasped at her in astonishment.

"Oh, I know," Miss Lawrence took me up immediately. "You think I'm an ungrateful little beast. But if you had the same memories of Spanish shawls that I have, you'd feel just as I do about them."

"Tell me," I suggested gently.

"All right, I will. Only take this wretched thing out of the room first."

I obeyed, and Gertrude Lawrence began her story.

"It all happened when I first went to America. I was asked to a party after the show. Consequently, I arrived with my boy friend of the moment, looking as smart as I possibly could, wearing my best satin shoes, silk stockings, and evening dress. For a cloak, I had wrapped a Spanish shawl round me. It was the fashionable thing to wear then.

"It was a perfectly foul night, and, in getting out of the car and walking across the enormously wide side-walk, my shoes and stockings got terribly wet and splashed with mud. I suppose I ought to have realised there and then that the evening was ruined, and anything I did from that point onwards would only make things worse; but I didn't.

"At first everything seemed as if it was going to be splendid, for my hostess greeted me most charmingly. She said she was so sorry about my shoes and stockings, and wouldn't I let her maid dry them for me. Here again, I suppose, I ought to have known better, but I was on my best behaviour, and so I said that I couldn't think of troubling her maid at this time of night, but could I go to the bath-room and do it myself?

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, one of the most popular actresses of the day, is the seventh to disclose her secret in THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. She made her first appearance on the stage as a child dancer in pantomime, and later made a considerable name as a revue and cabaret artist. She then took to "straight" comedy, and made a very big hit as Amanda Prynne in "Private Lives," in which she appeared with Noel Coward, the author, both in London and New York. Her latest successes include her appearances in "Behold We Live" and in "Nymph Errant." She embarked on a film career in 1929, and has been seen in various pictures. She has just left for a holiday in Spain, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Pamela Howley, who has just recovered from an operation for appendicitis.

"My hostess was sure that it was no trouble, but at the same time she let herself be overruled. The next moment I was in the bath-room. It was a beautiful bath-room, with everything in it to gladden a woman's heart. There was a long row of bottles containing every kind of perfume one could want; there were boxes of different coloured powders and lots of jars of face-cream. So I decided to touch up my face a little after I had washed my stockings, and was waiting for them and my shoes to dry on the radiator.

"Then things began to happen. I took my Spanish shawl off, and the greater part of the fringe immediately dropped into the wash-basin, which was still full of the water I had washed my stockings in. I murmured a subdued 'damn,' but kept my temper. I wrung the water out and hung the shawl over the radiator, with the shoes and stockings.

"Then I inspected the row of bottles and chose one which by its label I knew was one of my favourite perfumes. I sprayed myself and my dress liberally. It was divine, but, unfortunately, it happened to be *brilliantine*, and I had the pleasure of seeing myself in the mirror, my dress covered with oily spots.

"My 'damn' was a little stronger that time, especially when, as I was putting the bottle back on the shelf, the bottom of it became detached from the spray and dropped on the floor. Of course, it smashed into a thousand pieces. I tried to pick them up, but the first piece I touched cut my finger. This time I yelled a full-throated oath. At the same time, I realised that people would begin to wonder where I was. So I decided to hurry up.

"But first it was necessary to bandage my finger and put some iodine on it. There was bound to be some in that cute little medicine chest in the corner. I pulled at its little door. It wouldn't open. I pulled harder, and the whole chest came away from the wall and fell on me. At the same time the door did open, and all the stuff inside fell to the ground with a crash. The iodine, which the last person who'd used it had not corked properly, was especially prominent. Whatever I said was drowned in the noise with which the medicine chest (and a fair amount of plaster off the wall) fell on to the floor.

"But I did manage to save a bandage from the ruins, which I put on my finger. Well, my dress was ruined. It was impossible to wear it, so I decided to take it off and drape the Spanish shawl round me like a dress. Quite a few gowns were designed that way. The shawl was quite dry, and I began to arrange it. All went well until it came to the bit over the shoulder. As I swung the shawl round, the confounded fringe caught the row of bottles and sent them all crashing to the floor. At the same time, I trod on a piece of soap and fell into the bath, which by the luck I was having ought to have been full of water, but wasn't.

"By this time I was beyond words. All I cared about was getting out of that room and down to the party. But when I managed to extricate myself from the bath, I found that my shoes were all shrivelled up from being on the radiator so long. The stockings were wearable, but I only just managed to get my shoes on and they hurt abominably. At last I was free. I locked the door behind me and fled, leaving my guilty secret and a scene of utter devastation.

"But I was faced with a fresh ordeal. I would have to explain the whole business to my hostess. I braced myself for the effort, and with as much dignity as I could command, considering my curious costume, I descended the staircase.

"My hostess was standing in the same position as I had left her. Now was the moment. I gulped hard and forced a smile to my face, and approached her with an apologetic 'My dear' . . . but: 'Well, good-night, darling,' she said. 'Sorry you are going. I'll give you a ring to-morrow.' The party was over."—CYRIL BUTCHER.

1. The ALDERSHOT BONA-FIDE MILITARY MEETING was held at Tweseldown. CAPTAIN CHERRY and MRS. R. A. TURNER chose a warm corner.
2. MISS BAKER and MISS BEATRICE BAKER were two of the good-lookers among the lookers-on.
3. MRS. MASON and MRS. ERIC MOORE are shown together.
4. COLONEL and MRS. HOLLAND were snapped in conversation with a friend, in the paddock.
5. CAPTAIN and MRS. ATKINS were each armed with a shooting-stick.
6. MR. SEYMOUR EVANS, MISS VERNON and MISS VILLIERS, one of the daughters of Lady Victoria Villiers.
7. MISS RUTH HOLDSWORTH and MISS HEATHER EGERTON are posed by one of the giant braziers that were pleasant features of the paddock.

THE SOLDIERS' 'CHASING MEETING.

SPORTING SOCIETY IN FULL

The COUNTESS OF COVENTRY is here seen with her sister and brother-in-law, LADY SUFFIELD and LORD SUFFIELD.

LORD STAVORDALE, MRS. TONY BELLVILLE, MRS. MICHAEL HORNBY, and the HON. MRS. DROGO MONTAGU did a little bit of steeplechasing themselves. Mrs. Hornby is the twin sister to Lady Stavordale. Mrs. Montagu was Miss Tanis Guinness.

MISS DOROTHY PAGET, the well-known owner, had a great victory with her famous 'chaser, GOLDEN MILLER. It won the Cheltenham Gold Cup for the third year in succession.

(Right) MR. C. HILTON GREEN, Master of the Cottesmore, and MRS. HILTON GREEN.

(Below) The EARL OF NORMANTON and LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE on the wet day. Lady Willoughby was Miss Rachel Wrey.

(Right) MR. OLDFIELD is watching the race with close attention. LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY, younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, is not so concentrated.

FORCE FOR CHELTENHAM.

LADY EILEEN CLARKE, MRS. A. SMITH-BINGHAM, MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE, the COUNTESS DE PRET ROOSE, and a friend are perched in a row on the rails.

LADY MOON is the wife of Sir Arthur Moon, Bt. MISS ABBOTT (right) is her sister.

THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING AT CHELTENHAM is always an important gathering of hunting and racing society. This year was no exception. MRS. JOHN PLAYER, who is a popular personality in Melton society, is the central figure in this group of spectators perched on the rails.

MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY came with her married daughter, MRS. PEACOCK (l.).

LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER, LORD ASHLEY, and MR. and MRS. JOHN MORRISON are the component parts of this group.

(Left) LADY LETTICE COTTERELL and the HON. MRS. ROBERT JENKINSON had a good joke together.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE OXFORD WOMEN'S EIGHT—FOR THEIR FORTITUDE IN ESCHEWING PASTRIES, POTATOES, AND SWEETS.

OXFORD'S UNDERGRADUETTE ROWING WOMEN, who arranged to compete against the Cambridge Undergraduettes in a feminine boat-race last Saturday, March 10, (a week before the University Boat-Race is due to take place!) have submitted to many of the rigours of training. Pastries, potatoes, and sweets, all said to be woman's favourite foods, were knocked off their menus before the race.

OFFICIAL permission for the playing of bagpipes within certain hours within the precincts of Balliol College, Oxford, was granted. LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, therefore, was one day enjoying some of his native music. A Sassenach (with no ear!) was disturbed by the skirl of the pipes, and located the piper. He opened the door; but his protests were never uttered. He recognised Oxford's Heavy-weight Boxing Champion in the piper—and beat a well-timed retreat.

THE EARL OF LONSDALE is always an unmistakable figure—even when clad in a *jelab*. Even if his face were not so well known, he might be identified by his celebrated cigar. He was presented with his decorative Moroccan robe at a pig-sticking meeting of the Tangier Tent Club during the visit of Princess Mary to Morocco.

BOY skaters secured the first four places in the British Amateur Ice Championship at Manchester last week, and the title of Figure-skating Champion, and the Swedish Cup, went to the youngest person ever to hold it—GRAHAM SHARP, a sixteen-year-old Bournemouth schoolboy who is a member of the Westover Figure Skating Club. He was sixth in the world's championship at Stockholm this year.

LAWN-TENNIS-PLAYING Kings and Queens hide their royalty under initials. The King of Sweden plays as "Mr. G.", and the QUEEN OF SIAM, who looks like becoming an outstanding player if she has sufficient practice, entered in her first international tournament as "Madame R. B." She chose these initials because she was Princess Rambai Barni. She partnered Mr. H. W. Austin in the mixed doubles.

THE BEAUTIES in the suit-case which Earl Carroll is presenting in our photograph are the MISSES DOROTHY DAWES, EVELYN KELLY, LEDA NACOVA, LAURIE SHEVLIN, WANDA PERRY, ANYA TARANDA, CONSTANCE JORDAN, ERNESTINA ANDERSON, MARION CALLAHAN, BERYL WALLACE and RUTH HILLIARD. They form the most decorative "fittings" ever added to a bag or case.

LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON—FOR NOT HAVING TO ENTER THE RING TO DEFEND HIS BAGPIPES AT BALLIOL.

THESE PRETTY GIRLS—FOR GIVING TO A CASE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FITTINGS EVER SEEN.

H.M. THE QUEEN OF SIAM ("MME. R. B.") and MR. H. W. AUSTIN ("BUNNY")—FOR THEIR LAWN TENNIS PARTNERSHIP AT MONTE CARLO.

LORD LONSDALE—FOR STICKING TO HIS CIGAR, THOUGH WEARING A JELAB AT A PIG-STICKING IN MOROCCO.

MR. GRAHAM SHARP (here seen with Mr. H. J. Clarke)—FOR WINNING THE BRITISH AMATEUR FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

"THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The fifth of our special Reviews of the Week continues our series of illustrated records of the events of the past seven days. Manners, sport, and inexplicable occurrences are included in the list of what's taken up our time and thoughts of late.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

"Isn't it lovely about Golden Miller?" was a rhetorical question, varied by "Isn't it lovely about Mary?" The former remark was about the success of Miss Dorothy Paget's wonderful 'chaser, and the latter referred to the happy domestic event in the Herbert family. Lady Mary Herbert, who has been married since 1924, has just had a small son.

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Racing is such a nice, domestic pastime at Cheltenham. Families come over in perfect droves. Lygons and Ashleys, for instance. Lady Lettice Cotterell—perhaps the most popular of the very popular party—was in lettuce-green. She 's fond of the shade that 's nearly her name. Livingstone-Learmonths are another clan who were all gathered together on the course. Ursula, the débutante of the family, was enjoying her first grown-up Cheltenham. She 's a brunette with magnificent brown eyes—the type for whom the "off-the-face" hat was specially designed.

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Lady Hylton can be awarded the bun for the best-organised charity show of the week. Her Sherry and Sale at the Needlework Exhibition was fun. Eats and drinks were contributed by friends, and London's young men were mobilised as amateur waiters. They did not need to practise the art of plate-balancing, for large, snow-white pastry-boards of wood were in commission, bearing rows and rows of different sandwiches.

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Simon Elwes the auctioneer is amusing, eloquent, and decorative. Modern needlework doesn't go so well as designs from the antique, though Lady Bonham-Carter bid vigorously for some contemporary pieces with designs by Duncan Grant.

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Lady David Cecil is our youngest-looking matron. She has smooth, shining brown hair and that schoolgirl complexion. She is the daughter of Desmond McCarthy, the critic, and is herself extremely intelligent, so this adds piquancy to her appearance of extreme youth. She came with her husband to the needlework sale.

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Emeralds were the jewels of the week. Lady Hylton wore hers for the Needlework Sale and Sherry, and Lady Bradford had a dress of watered green silk to go with hers at the dance she gave for Lady Joan Bridgeman. Lady Anne Bridgeman, who came out last year, advertised her ex-débutantehood by wearing a very adult black velvet dress. Lady Diana Abdy, who helped her mother, Lady Bradford, by bringing a dinner-party to the dance, is like a tiny exotic bird, with her brilliant eyes, vivacious manner, and *petite* figure.

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Our most eligible bachelor, the Duke of Norfolk, accepted invitations for both Lady Bradford's ball and that given by Mrs. Richard Bethell and Mrs. Fitzroy Lyon on the same night, so there could be no ill-feeling among the hostesses. He fully intended to go to both, and did so, I believe. He is a Duke of his word.

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It 's no joke giving a ball in one's own home. Mrs. Richard Bethell literally turned out the whole of her new house in preparation for her dance. The whole household were mobilised the day before the dance, and, clad in white overalls, proceeded to remove all the valuable little tables, chairs covered with petit-point, china, and standard lamps, so that the ball-room might be cleared for dancing.

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The directors of the new Curzon Cinema were specially kind to patrons on the opening night. Thrills began before guests even entered the house, for camera-men were busy "shooting" the famous as they drove up in their cars. It was almost being like royalty, certainly a sensation calculated to give pleasure to even the most *blasé*

BING CROSBY, the U.S. crooner, deserted the "mike" long enough to take a picture of the HON. MOYA BERESFORD when she and her father, LORD DECIES, visited the Paramount set in Hollywood, where Crosby's new picture, "We 're Not Dressing," was being filmed.

MRS. EDWARD WYNDHAM must go to the top of the class for foresight and prevision. She had the only perfect wet-weather get-up for the breaking of the great drought, which occurred on the first day of Cheltenham Races. All the other mackintoshes were drab fawn affairs; hers glistened with a grey-green sheen just like an aquamarine, and she had a stitched weatherproof velvet hat to match.

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Though the "macks" at Cheltenham were not decorative, the faces were. Perhaps the cold and damp kept the old and the ugly at home. But, whatever the reason, nine out of ten women in the paddock were still in the enviable twenties. Miss Ruth Primrose, the débutante who will go through the season with all the glories of Derby House as her background, impressed us all with her charming personality. She is blonde and *petite*, and has already learnt how to wear her clothes with the right accent. Also she has a sense of humour.

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Lady Catherine Willoughby thought Cheltenham worth a run of eighty miles or more from Grimsthorpe Castle. She did the double journey daily. I met her on arrival on the first day, and was struck by the "band-box" appearance which she presented. Not a hair out of place.

The glad news that fresh scenery for "The Ring" would be seen at COVENT GARDEN this year was recently announced. LADY CUNARD, a director; MR. GEOFFREY TOYE, managing director; and MR. REX WHISTLER, the artist, are inspecting models of the new scenery.

MISS MARGUERITE STEEN is the distinguished novelist whose latest book, "MATADOR," is the Book Society's choice for March. Her work is well known to readers of the "Illustrated London News," as for the last two years she has contributed striking stories to the Christmas Number of our sister-paper. Miss Steen is now engaged on a Spanish trilogy, and spends most of her time in the South of Spain.

LADY MOIRA COMBE and her daughter, AUDREY, are interested in the "Carnival on Zuyder Zee" at the Ice Club, Westminster, on March 21. AUDREY will skate in this Dutch costume.

And, to crown all, the photographed saw themselves on the screen at the end of the performance. Inside the new picture-palace everything is perfect, what with a becoming and soothing light and comfortable chairs, to say nothing of the interesting programme, which included news-reels and a Mickey Mouse, as well as "Unfinished Symphony." If you want to know who was there—just open Debrett!

Still, if you must have precision, the beauties included Lady Milbanke, Lady Weymouth, and Miss Penelope Dudley Ward. Sir Hugh Smiley, accompanied by his mother, was also to be seen. His son, John, who is only ten days old, has started his fashionable career by being already photographed.

Everyone, they say, is at the dress shows at this time of the year. They cannot have been on Wednesday, for Vanessa Bell's show at the Lefèvre Galleries was the meeting-place of most of the celebrities I know! Lady Oxford had probably been at a fashion show or two first, for her black suit had most exciting square shoulders, and her "soldier's cap," worn on one side of the head, was finished with a cord round the back.

Lady Bonham-Carter was all present and correct. She was congratulating Charles Laughton on his latest hit, as Tattle in "Love for Love." Dame Ethel Smythe was coming in for congratulations, too—on her festival concert. However, she was much more anxious to tell Vanessa Bell what a great artist she is than to talk about her own achievements! The exhibition is the biggest Mrs. Bell has ever had of her own work. The portraits include some family ones. Her own sister, Virginia Woolf, for instance, is on view, and there's a picture of their mother, the late Lady Stephen. King's College, Cambridge, are thinking of buying her "Roger Fry," and the Contemporary Art Society have purchased the picture of Mrs. Grant, the mother of Duncan. Hugh Walpole, Eddie Marsh, Lady Leucha Warner, and Richard Hughes were all to be seen at the Private View, and when I left, Mme. Lydia Lopokova was waiting patiently for the arrival of her distinguished husband, Professor Keynes. A Good Humoured Lady still!

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH, the HON. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS, and VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH were guests at the opening of the Curzon Cinema.

Dutch hospitality can be delicious! The Ice Club (Westminster) lunch proved this last week. The sun shone through the glass windows and turned the rink balcony into a sun-parlour, the ice glittered, the band played, and the speeches were sparkling. Also the Dutch food was good—though some guests nervously asked for a translation of the menu before setting to. We were there to hear about the "Carnival on Zuyder Zee," which takes place on March 21, the first day of spring, in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital and the Duchess of York's Clinic. Ballets and extravaganzas are promised! After the lunch, expert skaters like Lady Moira Combe's daughter Audrey (got up as a perfect Dutch boy), Lady (Hamilton) Grant's Guinevere, and a pretty little film starlet, Mia Macklin, tested the ice and gave us a foretaste of the grace we shall see. Those who don't skate, by the way, can dance in the gallery on Carnival night if they get tired of watching.

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT, MR. CHARLIE BIRKIN, MISS PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD, and LORD BERNERS are in this supper-party held by the Marquis de Casa Maury after the opening of the Curzon. Lord Berners is the author of "First Childhood."

"A youth of frolics, an old age of cards" isn't *quite* a modern maxim, for of course there are no old people now. All the contract enthusiasts who assembled to give the new Crockford's a send-off (and *what* a send-off from the gastronomic point of view—the food was simply divine!) were decorative and superbly turned-out, though it's true that the very young set was not represented. Lady Bridgett Poulett was the only girl.

The former residence of Annie Lady Cowdray makes a magnificent club-house, and has been done up in the modern style, with chromium chairs and gay card-tables in some of the rooms.

The guests represented every set—diplomatic, social, and theatrical. Lady Dudley was blowing kisses across the room to Marie Tempest; Lord and Lady Ossory were chatting to friends; Lady Poulett looked in for a minute;

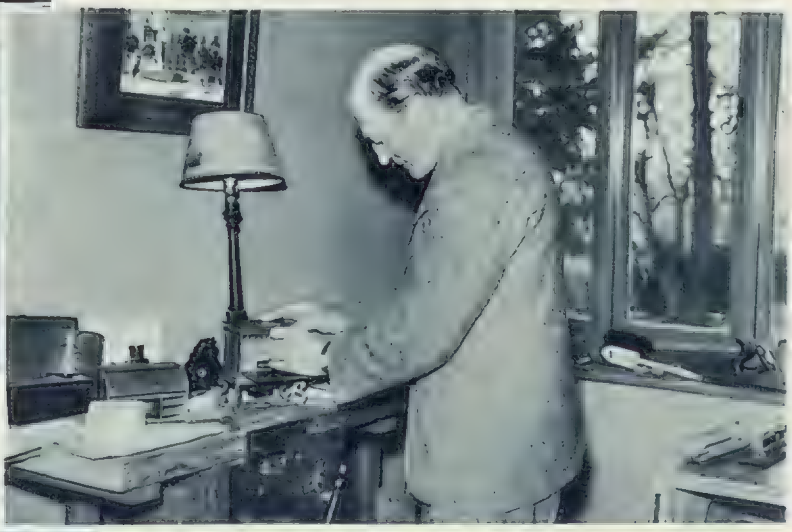
Turning back the clock pictorially is always great fun. The Editor of the *Sporting and Dramatic* is to be congratulated on his happy thoughts in this direction for the Diamond Jubilee Double Number, which comes out on Mar. 17. One section is devoted to scenes from plays of the past sixty years which have shocked and amazed London—a kind of moral temperature chart! I shall also enjoy the pictorial history of sport from 1874 till 1934, the series of famous beauties from Lily Langtry to Gladys Cooper, and the lovely new cover which has been specially painted by A. J. Munnings. I don't mind telling you that you mustn't miss the number on any account.—MARIEGOLD.

The marriage of PRINCE SIGVARD, second son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and of the late Crown Princess, and grandson of the Duke of Connaught, to FRÄULEIN ERIKA PATZEK, took place at the Caxton Hall Register Office, Westminster. The bridegroom signed the register as "Prince Sigvard of Sweden," but the couple left as "Mr. and Mrs. Bernadotte."

FRÄULEIN ERIKA PATZEK married Prince Sigvard of Sweden last week in London. Here she is seen with her family in Berlin. HERR PATZEK is a business man.

LENS - WORTHY NOTABILITIES.

ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD TYRWHITT, BT., G.C.B., who was one of the most distinguished Naval commanders of the Great War, is President of the ex-Services Welfare Society. This body is giving a dinner at the Mansion House on March 19, in aid of its finances; and at this H.R.H. the Duke of York, Mr. Winston Churchill, and other distinguished persons will be present. Sir Reginald is shown at home at Hawkhurst, Kent.



ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD TYRWHITT is very expert at making miniature furniture which is sold for the benefit of the ex-Services Welfare Society. He is putting finishing touches to a little William and Mary cabinet. H.M. the Queen has bought some of the Admiral's models.

This group of sun-bathers in Madeira consists of (l. to r.; front row) MRS. G. BOLES, MISS HERMIONE BLANDY, MR. WALLER, MR. G. BOLES; and (at the back) MISS DIANA TYRELL MARTIN, MRS. WALLER, and MRS. BALFOUR, formerly Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis.

A farewell cocktail party was given at the Town House in Hollywood in honour of MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT and THELMA, LADY FURNESS, the beautiful twin sisters who are so popular in Europe and the U.S.A. The group shows SEÑORITA THERESA LOPEZ FIGUEROA, SEÑORITA CARMEN LOPEZ FIGUEROA, MISS EDNA REID, and SEÑORITA LOUISE LOPEZ FIGUEROA (in front); and at the back (l. to r.), MR. HARRY COHN, LADY FURNESS, MR. JOSEPH M. SHENCK, and MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT.

(Left) The COUNTESS OF NORTHESK is a very keen dog-breeder. She is here posed with some of her fine dachshunds. She was Miss Elizabeth Vlasto.

POINT - TO - POINT !

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

MOST Hunts have a Ladies' Race on the programme for their point-to-point meeting. The first event of the kind in England was, we believe, held by the South and West Wilts Hunt some twelve years ago, although probably such races had been held in Ireland before that. Our picture shows the competitors at the South and West Wilts Hunt Races going to the post. MISS DIANA BELL, daughter of Mr. Isaac Bell, M.F.H., on RATTLES is in the foreground. This horse by "Hippeaston" (dam, Kangaroo Kate) was foaled in 1921 and was bought by Miss Bell out of her savings when she was only thirteen years of age. At fifteen she rode and won her first race on him. She has now won 19 races on this horse. Rattles has run 29 times altogether, winning on nineteen occasions and being placed second five times, and third once. Only four times has he been unplaced.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

RATTLES AND DIANA, HIS RIDER—

NINETEEN POINT-TO-POINT WINS.

Just as the old Inn has stood the test of time, so have the Dunlop Tyres that bring you to it. They have both been *built to last.*

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

From Leicestershire.

The welcome rain has freshened the flagging season, and better going gives everyone "the jumps" again. Witness the lovely ladies riding against each other over the Quorn on Friday from Thimble Hall. There was no reason for it at all, as nothing of note occurred until the evening. Barkby Holt *is* a stand-by with a widow's cruse of foxes, one of which ran about quite nicely before being given up for lost near Gaddesby. These hounds met at Wymeswold the following Monday, and had a jolly hunt from Ella's in the morning. This was the best part of the day, as there was a good deal of Old Dalby to follow and no scent at the Curate.

COUNT DE PRET ROOSE is here seen chatting to the MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD when the Quorn met at Thimble Hall.

With the Cottesmore. Meeting at Pickwell, with a full-figged Saturday mob in attendance, the Cottesmore had the most dreary morning looking for foxes. Not till they got to Laxton's was there any indication that the breed was not extinct, and then the example found was one of the modern scentless variety. The chief amusement was playing Tom Tiddler's ground over the Whissendine, which, in its vitiated state owing to the drought, is like a snake without its sting. How those victims of damper years hopped back and to, hoping to get even with it! And one can imagine the casual visitor spreading herself a bit conversationally: "All nonsense about the 'dread' Whissendine—nothing to jump really," etc., etc.

MAJOR GUY GERMAN, the well-known "Rugger" player, who played scrum half for Oxford University and for Leicester Tigers, is here seen with MISS NANCY BOUSKELL at the Quorn meet at Wymeswold.

Good Wednesday Work. The Belvoir had a high old time from Garthorpe, when most of the rank and fashion were away at Cheltenham. It was obvious from the start that one would have to watch one's step, and that over-riding was going to be definitely *verboten*. Luckily, there was little need to worry, for the first fox, gratuitously provided by a rough field near Wymondham Plantation, consistently ran up-wind, and that over two very sticky fields to start with; so hounds had a bit in hand and hunted a treat past Coston village, touched at Sproxton Thorns, then changed foxes for the worse in Lawn Hollow, so that a field or two beyond Bescaby saw the end of it. The next spasm came from Stonesby Gorse, a fine little fox preserve since it was laid low; crossing the road, they passed the Ashes and swooped over the nicest country towards Freeby; short of this, hounds doubled sharply back, thereby hoodwinking the leading lights, who were all nonplussed for a bit. They caught up again by Lord Dysart's, where there was an immense amount of "hollering" going on. Slightly deterred by this, no doubt, the pack could only hunt slowly on towards Waltham, where a very good day ended. Falls were two-a-penny about this time: Captain Arthur Baillie took an ender, and "biting the dust" is a mild way of describing Captain Pott's reverse over the same obstacle. The gate-jumping microbe is clearly contagious; will it be compulsory next season? Much sympathy to Commander Egerton on losing a good horse.

The HON. PETER BEATTY, younger son of Admiral Earl Beatty, and LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM, youngest daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam, were out when the Cottesmore met at Tilton-on-the-Hill.

A "Beaufort-shire" Budget. After all, the point-to-point was a *lovely* success, from both the social and sporting point of view, so in vain was all the agitation as to whether it could be pulled off or not! Certainly the going was as hard as concrete in places, but that was just the dear old drought, as the frost did retire gracefully by two o'clock, when the racing, wisely postponed till then, began. By speeding up things, our supreme organisers got it through—and across!—all right. Fine weather, good visibility, and that bracing nip which made the attractive car-lunches appreciated combined to the pleasure of the spectators, who included all "Beaufort-shire" and most of the surrounding countries too. Captain Gunston pleased his many Beaufort and Berkeley friends by getting home just in front of Mr. Pettit, of the 9th Lancers, in the subscribers' race; whilst Captain Guy Hanmer enjoyed his pleasant amble round on Captain Melville's grey for third place—a sporting entry this, just to help sustain the entertainment!

Though some owners were naturally reluctant to run their horses, the "Blues" raised eight starters. Mr. Murray-Smith won, in a good finish, from Mr. Eddy Ward, with Lord Sudeley third. The Ladies' Race was rather a flop after last year's, with only three runners. Miss de Winton, from the Cotswold, repeated her success, with Miss Diana Holland-Hibbert second; and these were the only two to finish. The Duchess of Beaufort presented the cups, and we all admired the silver fox given by the Rev. Charles Prodgers, a charming departure from the stereotyped trophy. This went to Mr. W. Stevens, for whom Mr. Jim Lysley had ridden such a good race. Lord Apsley flew from London to the meeting, finding the Leighterton aerodrome in convenient proximity for stepping-off; he "hopped" back to town the same evening, too. The party at the Hare and Hounds that night, organised by Mrs. Bobby Vivian on co-operative lines, was an immense success, most of Young "Beaufortshire" and the gay-minded of the rest turning up. The famous amateur band, suitably augmented for the occasion, excelled themselves, and all went very merrily indeed. It was, in fact, a happy evening which everyone enjoyed very much.

Depressing Hunting. Hunting was rather depressed that week, frost snapping up the Tuesday and nothing very much happening on the remaining days. Such a smart field at Foxley Green Saturday, too! The Morrison-Bells are just back from Malta; and the Estcourt and Upton deputations have returned from Leicestershire, where they enjoyed themselves very much, and found our other local representative in good heart, it is understood.

The bridegroom has also returned to us. And quite a political constellation glittered, including Captain Victor Cazalet, Captain Herbert Dixon, Sir Walter Preston, and Lord Apsley. It was a pity that the only foxes we found appeared to be of the female variety, and they failed to put up any sort of a show!

Monday's meet at Badminton Station was to "fix" the Eton boys on long leave, but the Westonbirt girls easily outnumbered their boy friends! Two nice little morning hunts made the most of what scent there was, with a March wind blowing, after which a long, very slow, patient pursuit of an Allengrove fox landed the survivors at Corston, by which time (an hour and a half having elapsed) a seven-mile point had been accomplished!

"THE EMPEROR JONES"— PICTURED WITH PAUL ROBESON.

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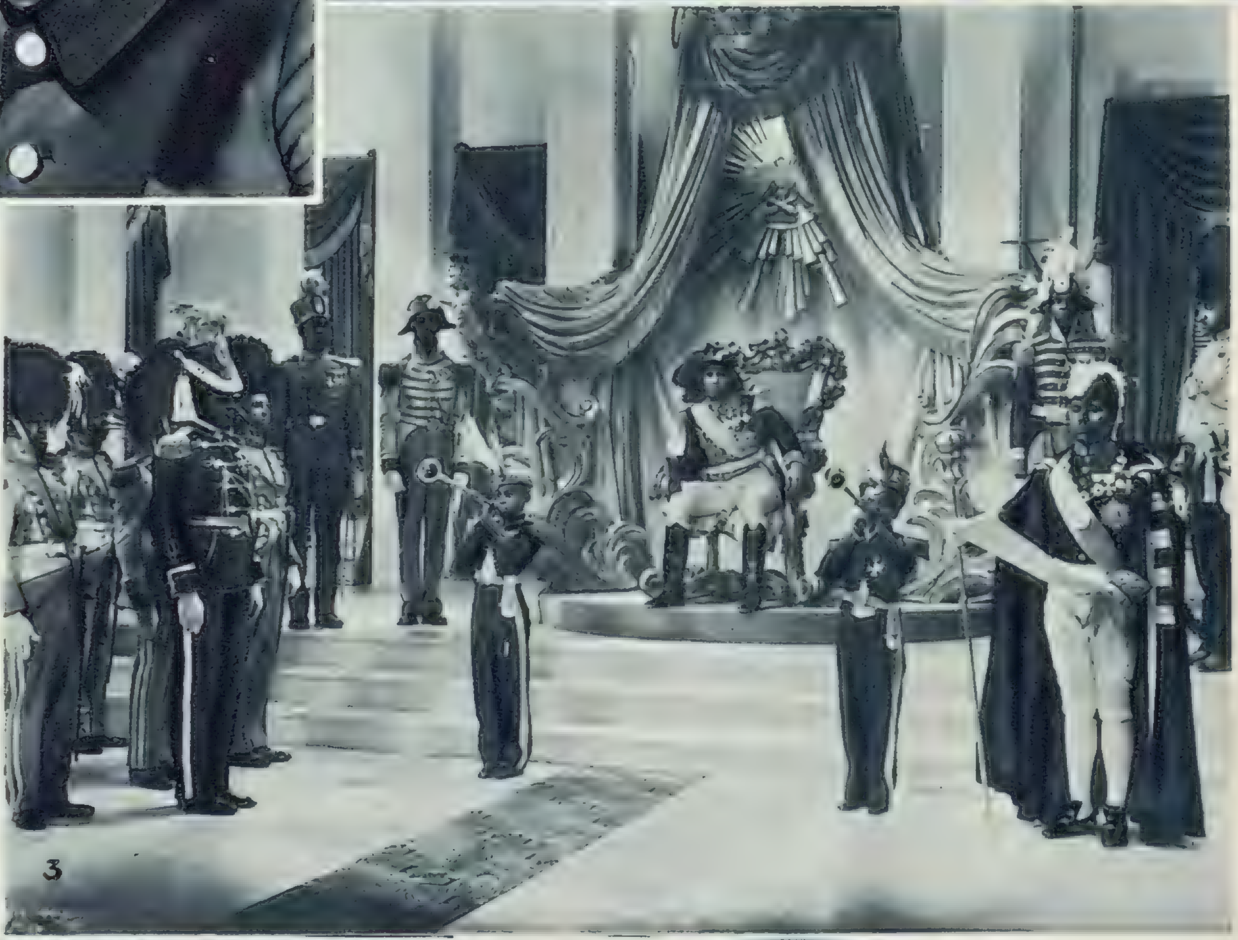

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1. "THE EMPEROR JONES" the United Artists' picture based on the famous Eugene O'Neill play, is to be presented at the Marble Arch Pavilion on Monday, March 19, MR. PAUL ROBESON, the distinguished coloured singer and actor, plays the name-part, Brutus Jones, who is first seen in the humble position of a Pullman porter.
2. Jones (PAUL ROBESON) has ambition and no scruples. After killing his buddy Jeff in a quarrel, and serving in a chain-gang, he escapes to an island ruled over by a native. He is arrested, but mocks the soldiers, saying that only a silver bullet can kill him. He has put blanks in the rifles.
3. Brutus Jones becomes the Emperor Jones and lives in tremendous state.
4. After a terrible night in the jungle, when he lives again through the violent acts of his past life, the Emperor Jones is killed—by a silver bullet! Smithers (DUDLEY DIGGES) is seen with the dead body.
5. The Emperor Jones rules by fear and superstition. At last his people revolt. He decides to fly to Europe by going through the jungle, but finds it a fearsome expedition.

4

5

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM, NEW YORK.

CROONER AND BLACKGROUND!

This striking photograph of MISS FRANCES WILLIAMS, the American stage and cabaret star, shows her posed in front of a symbolic background—or blackground, if you 'll excuse us! The coloured musicians suggest the crooning, scat and hot-numbers which she gives so admirably. She has just been appearing successfully at the Monseigneur.

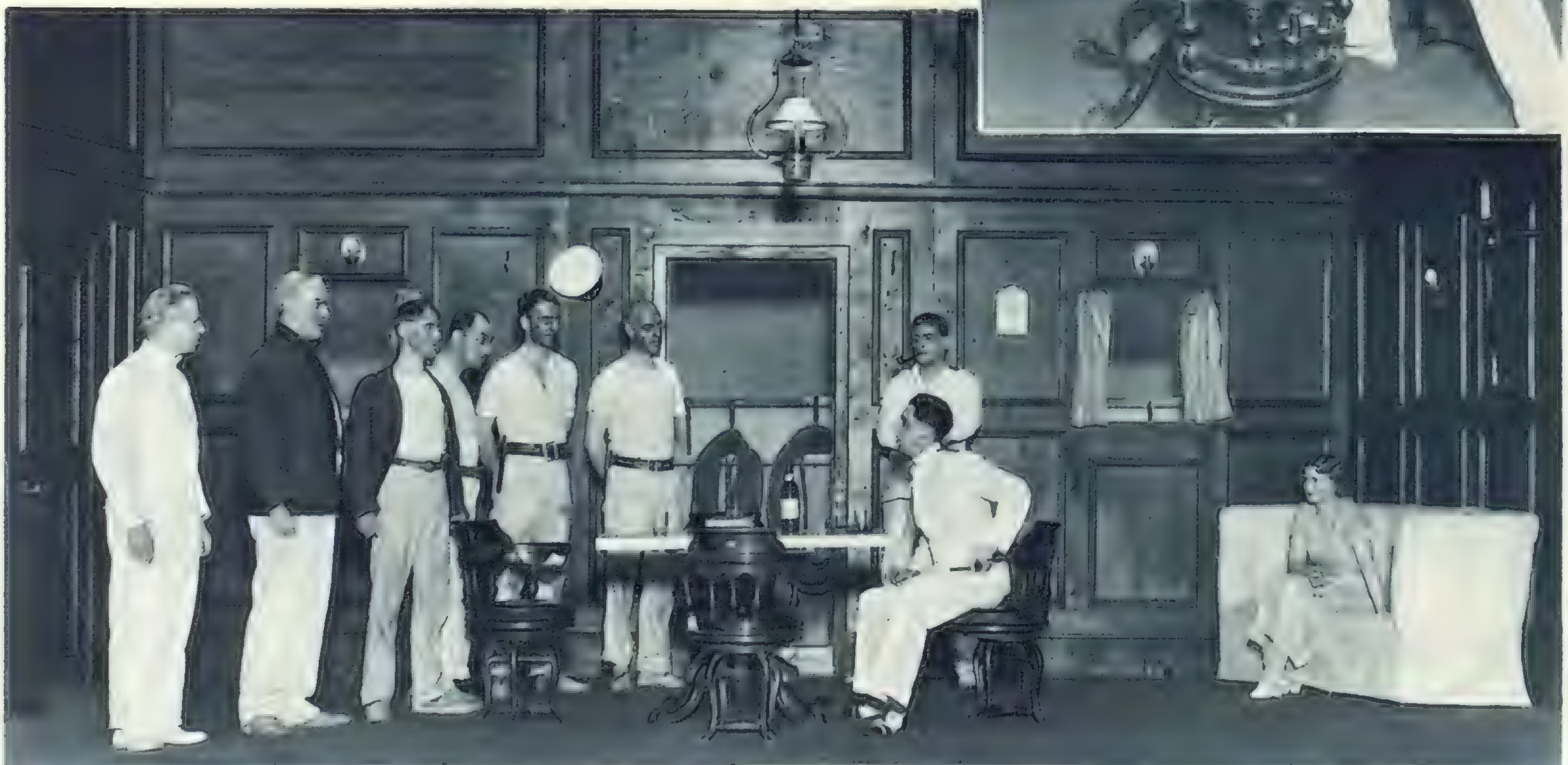
"EIGHT BELLS" BY STOCK EXCHANGE AMATEURS.

(Left) "EIGHT BELLS," by Percy G. Mandley, was presented by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society last week at the New Scala. This shows (l. to r.) Collister (MR. JOHN HOULDEN), Ormrod (MR. ROBERT H. SHELTON), and Pancho (MR. JOHN WALTER).

The Steward (MR. JOHN COHEN), Dale (MR. FREDERICK BLIZARD), Klotz (MR. CYRIL HABERMANN), Marjorie Dale (MISS JOY STATHAM), Gerhardt (MR. FRANK ENGELMANN), and Ormrod (MR. ROBERT H. SHELTON) are the characters in this exciting scene.

Tragedy! Ormrod (MR. ROBERT H. SHELTON), the Steward (MR. JOHN COHEN), Marjorie (MISS JOY STATHAM), and Collister (MR. JOHN HOULDEN).

(Right). Ormrod (MR. ROBERT H. SHELTON) is struggling with Dale (MR. FREDERICK BLIZARD).



Captain Dale, played by MR. FREDERICK BLIZARD, is here seen addressing the German members of the crew.

"MAGNOLIA STREET."—OF JEWS AND GENTILES.

1: "*MAGNOLIA STREET*," *the play based on the best-seller novel by Louis Golding, has just been produced at the Adelphi. The drama is set in a street inhabited by Jews on one side and Gentiles on the other. There is much friction between the two races. This illustrates the Gentile "pub" which faces the Jewish grocer's shop.*

2. *Part of the action of "Magnolia Street" takes place in a ball-room.*

3. *The period of "Magnolia Street" is the war. This illustrates the interior of the Jewish grocer's shop. Drawings of the important characters in the stage production (by René Ritcher) are also to be seen on this page.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

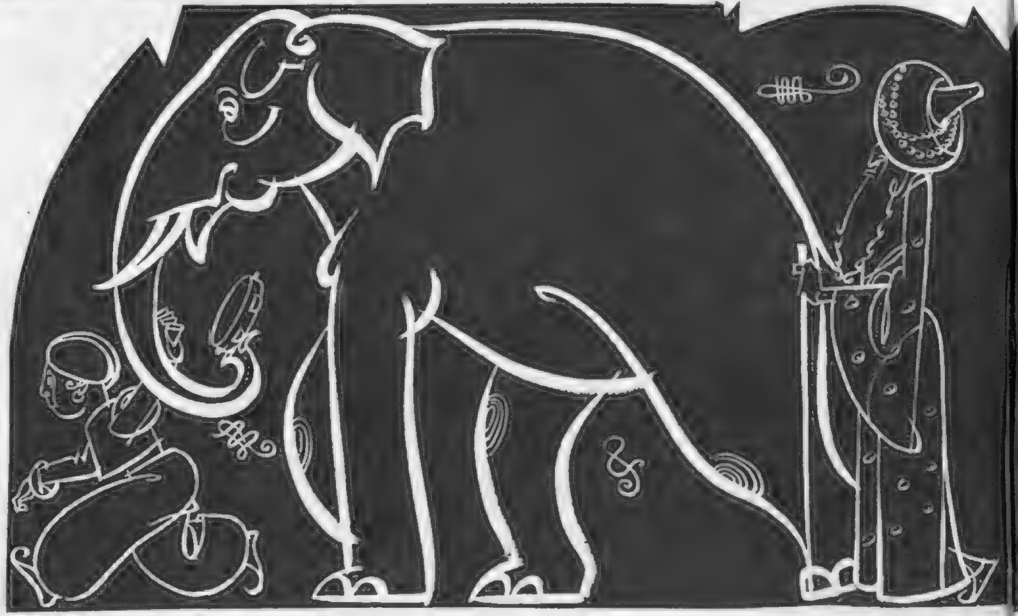
IN his munificence, Sir Oswald Stoll has spent a sum that would keep a National Theatre for a year and pay the wages of some two hundred people. For that largesse he deserves a great success, and there is every prospect that he will obtain it. "THE GOLDEN TOY" does not bear comparison with the highly romantic "Casanova." Its scenery is more fantastic; its libretto, distantly based on a grand Sanskrit dramatic poem, of which we boast possession, and Arthur Symons's beautiful translation, has undergone many changes

via Germany, and is now more a parable than a play. As for Schumann's lovely music, it weds but rarely to the words; one misses the Oriental note, the ominous monotony of the drum. But when it is danced by a *corps de ballet*, in excellent harmony, it is captivating, and when it is sung it is entrancing. Dr. Berger, the German producer, who has vaunted his *carte blanche*, has constructed massive and monumental scenery in framework to Vasantasena and Karudatta's love-story. There are glorious vistas of Indian temples, of turreted palaces, of shrines of domestic intimacy; and some of these, vivified by vociferating crowds and swirling dance, literally stifle the little story—but the loss is not great. We come to see—and we behold a cascade of colour, gilt braid, and fantastic paletting so overwhelming that it stills our senses like a narcotic. The opportunities of the actors under these circumstances are slender; so were those of the humourists, the inimitable Miss Nellie Wallace, the ubiquitous Mr. Lupino Lane, both busy in making little bricks without much straw. But Mr. Ion Swinley was a handsome hero, the one deceivingly Oriental in the cast; and Messrs. George Hayes, Henry Hallatt and Wilfrid Lawson did well with their respective parts; but I am sorry to say I thought that Miss Peggy Ashcroft was somewhat miscast. At best she was a modern masquerader. Still, she was beautiful to behold in the Western sense, and that is, where women are concerned, half the battle.

In "WINDFALL," at the Embassy, Mr. Sherriff has chosen a difficult theme for the theatre—the praise of poverty. For this "windfall" that comes to Mr. Spooner is an embarrassment, and worse. It cheats him of his dearest ambition, which was to pay for his little house with his own hard-earned money. It wrecks the life of his work-shy brother-in-law. It alienates him from the fellowship of his friends; and it drives him, an exile from his little home, that he had paid for brick by brick, to a big house in Hampstead. This study of the perplexed and protesting Mr. Spooner is finely done by Mr. Hugh E. Wright, who communicates the mental distress, the righteous indignation, and the idealism of the character, though even the actor's art is not sufficient to save it from a touch of priggishness. It is in the delineation of the family characters that Mr. Sherriff is at his best. He is humorously observant, and, though underlining the foibles and peculiarities, never falls into burlesque. These figures have life and are interesting to watch, for Miss Winifred Oughton, Miss Margaret Watson, Mr. Vernon Sylvaine, Mr. Frederick Piper, and Mr. Aubrey Dexter all give admirable performances. Yet the play remains unsatisfactory, for the logic of the plot is unconvincing.

The drama of the Restoration period was so definitely founded on contemporary comment that it is no wonder that intervening centuries have rarely seen it outside the covers of a book. That "THE COUNTRY WIFE" should now be enjoying a successful revival at the Ambassadors is perhaps a sign of the times, a clue to this present age, which is pleased, in its self-consciously self-censorious valediction, to compare itself with Caroline glitter and carousal and light *amours*. The comparison has this in its favour—the gay thrusts of Wycherley strike home to-day as they have never done since this play originally horrified and delighted the London of 1672. Even then it was regarded as a naughty play, probably no less "daring" to the fops and their ladies than to a present-day audience, and the infamous "china scene" provoked even then a storm of controversy. Yet Mr. Sydney Carroll has given it us again very nearly entire. His cuts are those not of modesty, but of theatrical convenience. The result is a brisk, bawdy play, with dialogue shrewd and scintillating, delivered most intelligently by Mr. Baliol Holloway as the abominable Mr. Horner and most irresistibly by Miss Agnes Lauchlan as Lady Fidget. Miss Lesley Wareing was a wholly delightful Marjery Pinchwife, and Miss Margaretta Scott as Alithea firmly refused to allow the tongue of cynicism to slip into the cheek of insincerity.

Miss Jollife Metcalf's amusing and interesting play, "FINISHED ABROAD," at the Savoy, is a study of adolescent girls in a Continental school where discipline is at a discount and unruliness and immorality are at a premium. Mme. Domini, beautifully drawn by Miss Leontine Sagan, who is also responsible for the admirable production, is conveniently blind to the escapades of her youthful charges, so long as they do not become the talk of the town. So we watch this group of girls of different



"THE GOLDEN TOY," at the London Coliseum. The Pageant of the Golden Toy is illustrated in these Sherriffs drawings. First comes the usurper, Samsthanaka (WILFRID LAWSON), mounted upon a spirited steed, closely pursued by Karudatta (ION SWINLEY), who wishes to butcher the butcher-boy (in his youth, Samsthanaka was a butcher). Next follows Vasantasena (PEGGY ASHCROFT), Karudatta's true love, with Maitreya (ERNEST THESIGER), a glum and pessimistic priest, in attendance. Then Madanika (JOAN WHITE), faithful slave of Vasantasena, comes with her follower, Servilaka (GEORGE HAYES), in private life a burglar and incipient elephant-stealer. They are followed by the droll Barber (LUPINO LANE), leading in "Forget-me-not," the lyrical pachyderm, who is followed by the King (HENRY HALLATT), who, for reasons best known to

nationalities as they fall under the influence of Connie, whose destructive cynicism permeates the school. Miss Ellen Pollock gives her compelling vitality—dominating, ruthless, cruel, and disillusioned—and over against her stands the fairy Princess Ganivre, with romance and ideals and beauty to give them glory. Miss Jollande Terrell lends grace to the part and spirit to the battle. For the pawn in the game is Nancy, the young innocent, who painfully wakes up to the realities, who plays with danger and knows nothing of the cost. Miss Carol Coombe is delightfully fresh, and in passages achieves a true pathos. There is in this theme that which makes for tragedy, but Miss Metcalf has chosen the lighter solution, with its theatrically effective close. So we are twisted into a scene that borders on caricature with its confession, and we laugh where the logic of the action would have shaped a far different mood. Miss Elizabeth Maude is deliciously amusing as the odd girl out, and Mr. John Stuart, who plays the fairy Prince, acts with ease and strikes the right note.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"UNFINISHED SYMPHONY," which marks the opening of the new Curzon Cinema—dedicated by the Marquis of Casa Maury to the presentation of films that are different—is a Viennese production which has already enjoyed considerable success on the Continent. As its title suggests, the film deals with the life of Schubert, depicting his early struggles for recognition, and offering the sentimental but unsupportable theory that the incomplete state of the B Minor Symphony is due to an unhappy love-affair. But despite the liberties taken by the story, the picture is wholly delightful. The Schubert of Hans Jaray is a finished portrayal, played with such simple sincerity that the young composer seems alive on the screen. Martha Eggerth, as the Countess Esterhazy, the partner in his thwarted love affair, is a vivid personality, and sings the Schubert melodies in her lovely voice with deep feeling. The Symphony is rendered by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, while Horvath Guyla's Tzigane Orchestra and the Vienna Boys' Choir have also lent their services. With its beautiful photography and such an unusually competent musical accompaniment, this film should provide more than a "specialised" appeal.

An idyll of a "shanty town," "MAN'S CASTLE" (New Gallery) traces its ancestry straight back to "Seventh Heaven." Here again is the romance of a penniless little waif who finds shelter, and finally love, in the makeshift home of a scallywag, as penniless as herself. Here, too, is the authentic Borzage glamour, turning the derelict sheds and broken-down huts that have sprung up on a piece of waste ground into something not far removed from a Devon village. The story is slender, concerning itself mainly with the devotion of the heroine to her hard-boiled benefactor and the latter's irrepressible wanderlust, conquered in the end by his Trina's self-effacing love plus prospective fatherhood. There are occasional clouds in Trina's seventh heaven, such as the seagulls that suggest freedom to her restless lover, the blonde cabaret-singer who tries to lure him from his mate, the shifty shanty-towner who sneaks in and out of the action with a covetous eye on her charms. But the strength of the picture lies in the development of the two chief characters, admirably portrayed by Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young. Tracy's cool effrontery is immensely effective in several well-found comedy situations, and his "big bully" pose, partly assumed in self-defence, is never allowed to alienate our sympathy. Loretta Young is one of the few actresses who can turn wide-eyed humility into frank and fresh sincerity. Together the two steer adroitly through sentimental passages, such as Mr. Borzage revels in, and lend conviction to a fairy-tale. Glenda Farrell, as the blonde siren, adds a clever sketch to her growing portrait-gallery of "gold-diggers," putting over her cabaret song in the best Mae West manner, an imitation as legitimate as it is amusing.

himself, is conducting a tour of the local pawnshops. And now Kara (MILES BYRNE), an obstreperous princeling, may be seen perambulating with Nana, his nurse (NELLIE WALLACE), and dragging behind him the golden playcart, with an Oriental background of a sedan chair containing a lady singing in the rain. Striding along in front of the chair is the Judge (FRANK COCHRANE) on his way to expedite a miscarriage of justice. Here is a dancer (WENDY TOYE) pirouetting East of Suez, and then in come Vishnu and Krishna boop-a-dooping as a tribute to the gods. The next figure is an Eastern Announcer bearing the crude implement of his trade—and, who is this? This pale gentleman, arrayed in the garb of another age and race—who is he? Why, this is the composer of that hotcha song-hit, "An Elephant Never Forgets"—this is Schumann!

Every now and then, sandwiched between epoch-making productions, Paramount "slip it over on us" with a quiet, non-pretentious, little comedy of domestic trials and tribulations in the vein of "Mama Loves Papa" and "Three-Cornered Moon," and now, following in this tradition, comes "SIX OF A KIND." But perhaps quiet is the wrong word to use in connection with a film which stars three such strong comedy teams as Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland—the personification of a small-town bank clerk and his well-meaning wife—W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth—a hard-drinking Sheriff wedded to a domineering hotel manageress—and George Burns and Gracie Allen, just themselves, accompanied by what must be the largest dog in America. The story of the bank clerk's "second honeymoon" trip to California, shared by Burns and Allen to save expenses, and their adventures at the Nuggetville Hotel, makes no pretence of being other than a means for the six principals to exploit their various brands of humour, this being accomplished in comedy interludes generally quite irrelevant to the plot. W. C. Fields has the most to do, and his fooling at the billiard-table, lasting about ten minutes, is a joy to watch, as is also his *contretemps* in the oufitter's shop with George Burns. But the other players put up a lively show which completely justifies the epithet "all-star comedy."

The companion picture at the Plaza provides a good vehicle for Edward G. Robinson and an interesting background of the dog-race track. "DARK HAZARD"—the title is the name of a champion greyhound that figures largely in the story—presents the star as an inveterate gambler whose bid for domestic felicity with a straitlaced wife is wrecked on the rocks of chance. Somewhat episodic in treatment, the picture is held together by Mr. Robinson's strong study of the central figure. He and his fluctuating fortunes dominate the action. Genevieve Tobin is intelligent and charming as the wife who cannot tame her playboy husband. She makes the most of her dramatic opportunities in the clash between two conflicting characters, though the story has not allowed her to remain consistent to the end. A good supporting cast includes Glenda Farrell, once again as the "other woman," and once again turning out an effective piece of work.

Those who remember the stage version of "WONDER BAR" will be interested to learn that in the film of this musical spectacle, which has just been completed at Hollywood, Al Jolson is reported to have made a hit that is likely to see his return to the position of top-rank star that he enjoyed during the early days of the talkies. The picture is shortly to be presented in London, and a strong cast that includes Kay Francis, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, and Ricardo Cortez should help the star whose "Sonny Boy" once swept the town to make a popular come-back.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XXIV.

THE RESTORATION VOGUE: "LOVE FOR LOVE"—WITH LAUGHTON.

As the Tudor craze wanes, a new historical vogue waxes! London has gone "all Restoration" now! Congreve's famous comedy, "LOVE FOR LOVE," is the latest Sadler's Wells production. MR. SAM LIVESEY and sons, BARRIE LIVESEY (left) and SAM LIVESEY (right), are Sir Sampson Legend, Valentine Legend, and Ben Legend. The wit and sparkle of the comedy are given full value in Tyrone Guthrie's production. Although Congreve's dates are 1670—1729, he is ranked as a Restoration playwright on account of his style.

The four ladies in "LOVE FOR LOVE" are here posed together. They are (standing) Mrs. Foresight (FLORA ROBSON) and Angelica (URSULA JEANS); and (seated) Miss Prue (ELSA LANCHESTER) and Mrs. Frail (ATHENE SEYLER).

(Right)
MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON gives one of the best performances of his life as Tattle, the half-witted Beau, vain of his amours, yet valuing himself for secrecy.

Miss Prue (ELSA LANCHESTER) falls in love with Tattle (CHARLES LAUGHTON). In this scene, Prue's father, Foresight, the Astrologer (MORLAND GRAHAM), is trying to get Tattle to say he will marry the girl.

Mrs. Frail (ATHENE SEYLER), who is in search of a rich husband, is, by a trick, married off to Tattle (CHARLES LAUGHTON). They dislike one another intensely.

RESTORATION FOLLOWS THE TUDOR CRAZE! "THE COUNTRY WIFE."

Alithea (MARGARETTA SCOTT) is the only virtuous woman in "The Country Wife." She is unhappy at finding that her future husband seems to set little store on her respectability. She is with Lucy, the maid (DIANA CHURCHILL).

Mr. Pinchwife (EDMUND WILLARD) is here seen with his "Country Wife," Margery (LESLEY WAREING). She knows that Horner admires her and harps on this, to the annoyance of Pinchwife.

Margery Pinchwife (LESLEY WAREING), having persuaded her jealous husband to let her see the town, provided she is dressed as a boy, meets Horner (BALIOL HOLLOWAY). He is not deceived by her disguise.

"THE COUNTRY WIFE," the celebrated comedy of—rather bawdy—manners by William Wycherley, has not been seen in a West End theatre in London for two hundred years, though the Phœnix did it at the Regent about ten years ago, and there was a version at the Everyman shortly after. Mr. Sydney Carroll has removed the grosser expressions; and the wit of the play proves to be quite in the 1934 taste. Here Lady Fidget (AGNES LAUCHLAN) is examining the valuable piece of china which she has received as a gift from Horner (BALIOL HOLLOWAY) after her visit to his room.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE approach of William Morris's centenary (he was born on March 24, 1834) has created a stir among biographers. Two books about him have already appeared: one by Mr. Montague Weekley, in Messrs. Duckworth's admirable "Great Lives" series; and another, much longer and fuller, by Mr. Paul Bloomfield. They are written from different angles, but both are interesting. Mr. Weekley gives us the facts about Morris's life, and discusses with the impartiality of a technical expert his achievements in the many arts and crafts he practised. His summary of Morris's career is judicial, careful, and impersonal. He has a friendly feeling for his subject, and a profound though tempered admiration: nothing more.

Mr. Bloomfield, on the other hand, is a partisan and an enthusiast. To him Morris is not only a great artist, but a hero, an apostle, a prophet, a man who can do and think no wrong. With the ardour of a generous and sympathetic temperament, he identifies himself with Morris, defending and upholding him in every aspect of his private and public life. He is passionately interested in people and politics, he is a trained art-critic, and his comments on the pre-Raphaelite movement are stimulating and illuminating. Morris led an extraordinarily full life; inclusiveness was its guiding principle. He hated certain things: snobbery, avarice, the Industrial Revolution, and latterly, the whole social order. But he loved much more than he hated. His nature was sanguine and positive and optimistic, expressing itself in action and acceptance, not in contemplation and rejection. Although in one sense un-typical of the Victorian Era, he had his share, and more than his share, in the Victorians' characteristic buoyancy of spirit. Defeatism was unknown to him; scepticism and irony had no part in his mental and emotional make-up. He possessed the faith which cannot learn from experience, because experience is the raw material on which it works. He failed to bring about a Socialist revolution, but he did not despair of it, any more than a sculptor whose statue has turned out badly despairs of the marble from which the experiment was made.

Success. In one sense his life was tremendously successful. His poetry was read and appreciated at its full worth. His genius as a craftsman and designer was recognised not only by critics, but by the world at large. As he himself observed, when haled before the magistrate for obstructing the police: "I am an artist and a literary man, pretty well known, I think, throughout Europe," and the boast (one of the few he ever made) was justified. The world not only recognised his genius, but paid for it, and the artist to whom this happens cannot be considered wholly unfortunate.

How Should a Man Live? Mr. Bloomfield does not seek to disguise the fact that Morris had his full share of success, and compared, say, to Rossetti—the "laughing gentleman" who became a drug addict—he can be counted a happy man. Yeats has called him "the happiest of the poets." But Morris did not set much store by worldly success, nor does his biographer. To Mr. Bloomfield the most significant thing about Morris is his attempt to answer the question: "How should a man live?" Many reformers are content with saying how a man ought not to live. Morris, being practical, constructive, and an Englishman, carried his advice further, and told us what constitutes the good life!

"It seems to me," he said, "that the way to enjoy life is to accept all its necessary details and turn them into pleasures by taking interest in them, whereas modern civilisation huddles them out of the way, has them done in a venal and slovenly manner till they become a drudgery which people can't help trying to avoid."

This is true enough, but another of Morris's statements (quoted by Mr. Weekley) is more questionable:

"Time was when everyone that made anything, made a work of art besides a useful piece of goods; and it gave them pleasure to do it. Whatever I doubt, I have no doubt of that."

Probably it is more satisfying to make a thing with one's hands than to watch a machine making it. But surely the joys of craftsmanship can be overrated? I expect that there abounded in the Middle Ages cobblers and carpenters who found their work a bore. Morris loathed the products of machinery as much as Ruskin did; but, unlike Ruskin, he does not see machinery as the prime obstacle to human happiness. Intelligently controlled,

"Machinery might even now be speedily extinguishing all irksome and unintelligent labour, leaving us free to raise the standard of skill of hand and energy of mind in our workmen, and to produce afresh that loveliness and order which only the hand of man guided by his own soul can produce."

Art versus the Machine. But could machinery effect this? We wonder. And we wonder, too, whether the ordinary man is really happier working with his hands than managing a machine. The devotees of arts and crafts, and those who believe that a return to conditions of labour prevailing in the Middle Ages would restore the happiness of mankind, overlook the natural pleasure that nine out of ten men, and a large proportion of women, take in machinery. Far more people enjoy fiddling about with an engine than (say) laboriously constructing with their own hands a chest of drawers; and they would find most unwelcome any system that compelled them to exchange the one occupation for the other. That the hand can create objects of beauty more readily than the machine is manifestly true. But human nature is apt to take the line of least resistance; and if it finds more satisfaction in minding a machine than in craftsmanship, it is vain for Morris or anyone else to bewail the loss of beauty that such a predilection entails.

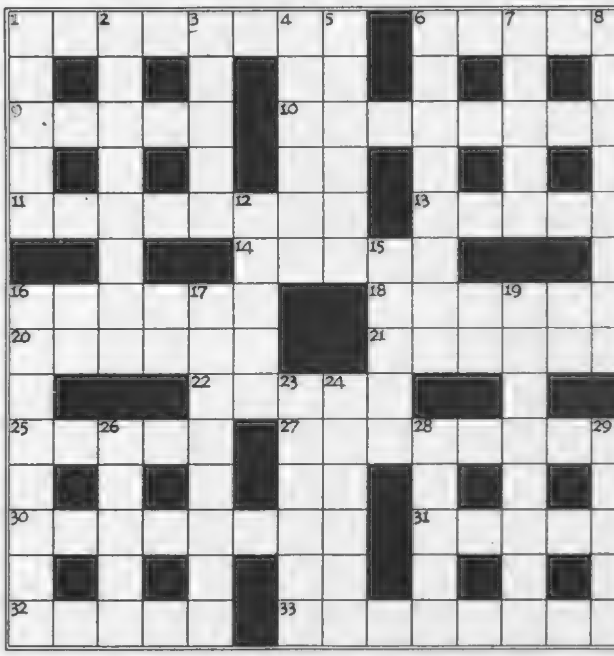
Mr. Bloomfield's and Mr. Weekley's studies of Morris are complementary to each other. Mr. Weekley states the facts; Mr. Bloomfield interprets them. Mr. Weekley's sketch is a little too bare and impersonal;

[*Continued on page* XXIV.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. If you put a certain request in the right way, it may be granted with it.
6. Such a joint may be easier to carve, but it might equally well be stolen.
9. If I be allowed bail we can put together a good defence.
10. There's nought in this when it's mixed, yet it's supposed to contain jam!
11. He's supposed to be useful in the garden, but you're not likely to pat him on the back!
13. Can you make anything of this foolery? You can see I can't.
14. I'm kept in a bottle, yet I occupy space; so I can't be in either.
16. Polite request not to be allowed to fall asleep.
18. A well-known passer-by. After him, quick, monsieur!
20. Denotes a high pitch, but it doesn't end well.
21. Who's the handsomest fellow? A fellow of his College is.
22. Who put on saxpence at this meeting?
25. You won't get past this. It comes at the end.
27. Curse! The packing-case is on the river!
30. Full of pluck? Well, it isn't exactly tripe.
31. Being sorry only adds to the disaster,
32. The point of this should be obvious, though it's not so obvious in the North.
33. Takes for better or worse. It has its uses.



DOWN.

1. Dear old fruit, she's not exactly cheap!
2. He needs reforming, but even then he might be over-idle.
3. Catch hold! A number come from France.
4. The rod may be made to appear so; in fact, Smith Minor says it always *is*!
5. One hug is all you'll want.
6. Only egg with crumbled bread, so it's not rich, of course.
7. Nine of them, and they can't land a fish with it!
8. Unfastens if you take pains to complete it.
12. You *can* stand on them, but they're hexceedingly slippery.
15. Buck up! Isn't e early!
16. Its lamps will reveal an ancient song-writer.
17. She doesn't care about cleanliness, so perhaps she prefers godliness. At any rate, the latter is inside.
19. Occupies, but has to end up after a bit.
23. You'll see red when you get this, but not if you make it rise to begin with.
24. Nothing like leather, you say? 'Arry says these chemicals are.
26. This week's wisecrack: Turn it top to bottom and there's no top to bottom.
28. Let the dog lead the way and you'll find something out of the way.
29. Borders along the 'ighways.

NOTE.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, March 19, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page XXII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

A "RESTORATION" FILM: SIR CEDRIC'S CHARLES II.

1. *MISS ANNA NEAGLE is the Nell Gwyn for the new British and Dominions film directed by Herbert Wilcox. This " still " shows her in a charming seventeenth-century domestic interior scene.*

2. *SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, our newest actor-Knight, is King Charles II. for the British and Dominions picture " Nell Gwyn."*

3. *The new Charles II. film does not confine itself to the more frivolous side of the Merry Monarch's life. This scene shows SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE as the King in Council.*

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Tiny daisy-shaped sequins, as delicately lovely as a golden mist, make a gleaming sheath which clings to the figure and falls in graceful folds at the hem, where it forms twin trains. It has a draped neck, and is cut low beneath the arms to show a band of leaf-green matt velvet, which is used again for the Court train. This exquisite presentation gown comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

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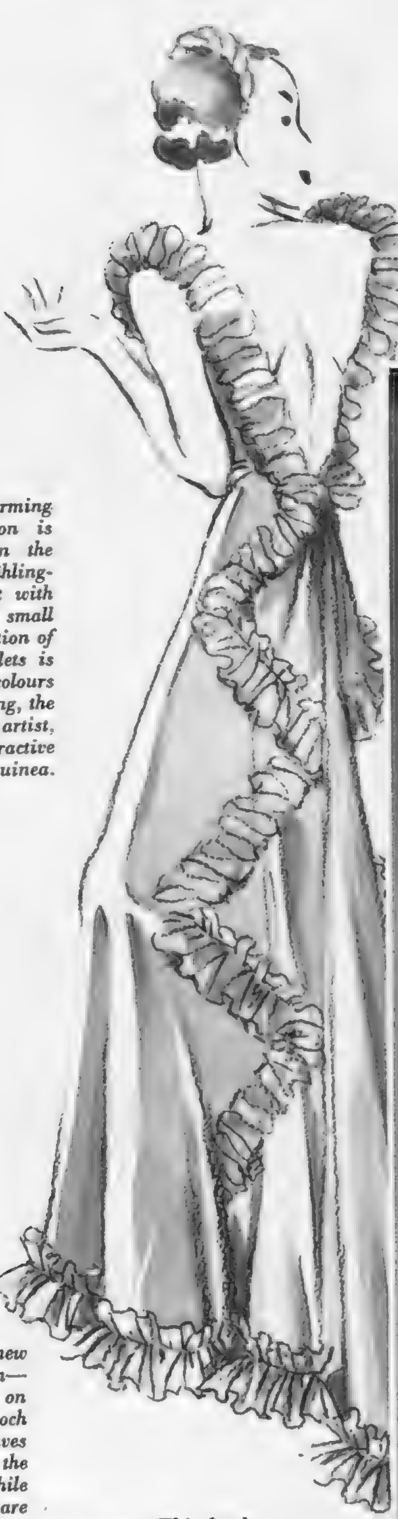

One of the most charming novelties of the season is worn by the lady in the ruched dress. It is a Kähling-Dresden china bracelet with a painted design of small blue flowers. Each section of these expandable bracelets is painted in fascinating colours and designs by Kähling, the well-known German artist, and packed in an attractive case they cost one guinea.

JOHN EVERARD.

A very interesting new fabric—black elastic chiffon—is used for the dress on the right. A glittering brooch of grapes and vine leaves is set in the centre of the loose bolero front, while smaller matching clips are worn at the base of the shoulder-straps. This lovely model, from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, is an example of the continued popularity of sheath dresses which flare slightly at the hem. It is complemented by a loose cape with a turned-back collar.

The tendency to concentrate all movement in the back is shown in the dress immediately above. Made of faille, the front is cut on Princess lines, and the back fulness is accentuated by heavy ruchings. A less elaborate interpretation of this mode is seen in the frock of heavy pink crêpe at the head of this page. Its cape-coat of brown panne-sauvage is sketched by its side. This has an ingenious cowl back and is tied at the neck and waist.

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and contributes a number of original creations of exquisite design which conform to any coiffure. • These decorative jewels are executed in Platinette, a new finish having the exact appearance of Platinum, and are set with Ciro Diamonds and Pearls. • If unable to call, send for catalogue to 48, Old Bond Street, W.1. • Special designs to individual requirements submitted free.

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LEEDS: 38, Briggate
GLASGOW: 95, Buchanan Street
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THESE THINGS ARE NEW. . .

Maria Guy's huge flat hat in stitched blue taffeta. The brim is slit and turned up at the back, where there is a knot of pink gros-grain ribbon. The gloves are of satin with woven ribs encircling the arm.

Stitched taffeta is also used by Maria Guy for the hat in the centre. This, too, is worn straight and is in black with a pointed crown and a blue ribbon with tinted porcelain hedge-roses across the front.

Patou makes the excellent tricorne on the right in navy blue straw with a cockade and cravat of white piqué, which also lines the upturned brim. This completes a trio of models from Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

The fitted half-length jacket is a feature of many of the newest tailored suits. It is seen above in an oatmeal coloured costume with a woven self-stripe. The sleeveless waistcoat, which is cut straight across the front, is fastened with wooden buttons, and the skirt has two low box pleats. A red and white striped scarf completes this ensemble from Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge.

Brown and beige tweed, cut so that the stripes achieve a most slender effect, makes this coat from Liberty's, of Regent Street, W. It has a shaped scarf stitched at the shoulder seams and threaded through the wide revers, where the ends are looped one over the other. Shaped to the waist, it shows the narrow silhouette that distinguishes full-length coats for the spring.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCAIONI.

THE DAYTIME VOGUE FOR PRINTS AND PLAIDS.

JOHN EVERARD.

Tiny flowers in vivid colours are massed against a black ground in the crêpe-de-Chine dress photographed on the left. The sleeves are gauged across the shoulders and have a slit down the centre, the draped band across the corsage being lined with lettuce-green to match the sash. This model comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

The lounging lady on the left wears a black and white floral crêpe dress with pleated frills bordering the neck and the curved panels at the back and front of the skirt. The accompanying coat is of black wool georgette with a tucked cape set into a central panel at the back. This ensemble comes from the Inexpensive Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

On the extreme left is an admirably tailored blouse in pure silk washing satin. It is made in parchment, beige and ivory, and comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W. So, too, does the plaid taffeta collar with cravat ends, and the matching gauntlet cuffs. This very attractive set is also made in satin and in fancy-weave crêpes.

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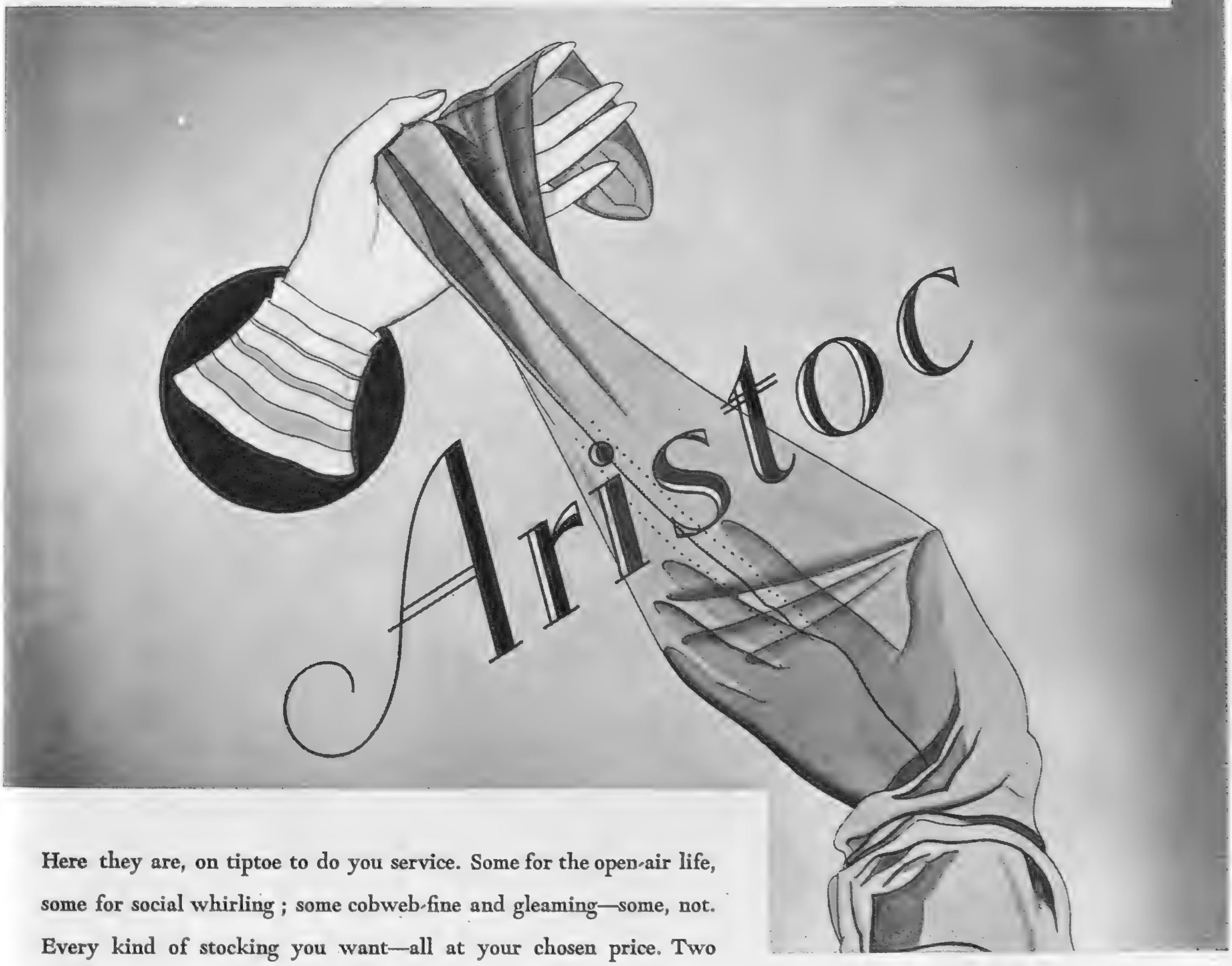

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Walton Heath Revisited.

This year March certainly came in like a lamb, and I seized the opportunity of a lovely sunny day with a west wind blowing and spring in the air to visit Walton Heath, where Oxford were playing their last match before meeting Cambridge at Formby. Incidentally, Oxford, although beaten, did creditably on the whole, and, with the knowledge that they have a comfortable interval in which to rest and refresh, can look forward to the two great days with confidence. But it is rather with the course on its breezy heath, and, the interesting conversations I had there, than Oxford's doings that I am prone to deal. I had not seen Walton Heath for a long time, so I viewed it through fresh eyes and came away with a clear impression of its great and, in a certain respect, unique qualities.

A Great Course. Walton Heath, among inland golf clubs, starts with real advantages. The ground over which the course runs is ideal for the best type of golf, for it abounds with the features—gentle, unobtrusive waves and subtle runs—that one identifies with such links as the Old Course of St. Andrews and Hoylake. Then it rejoices in close, hard-wearing, altogether natural turf rarely seen in these days of intensive green-keeping and theoretical propaganda, and, so far as my personal experience goes, only equalled by Mildenhall, held by Bernard Darwin and many more besides as the best nine-holes course in the world. Added to these "gifts" there is its rough, thick, tough, uncompromising heather, which exerts a disconcerting and often daunting effect on all who lack the blessing of accuracy. Herein Walton Heath is unique in inland golf, for on no other course that I know can an erratic tee shot prove so immediately and finally destructive. This presupposes length can be forgone in favour of direction. But not a bit of it. Length *and* accuracy are requirements on which Walton Heath insists. In other words, a golfer must be able to support the traditional motto of the game—"Far and Sure"—if he hopes to canvass success.

A Good Golfer's Opinion. I discussed this particular point with Ernest Le Bas, with whose father, Sir Hedley of that ilk, and Sir Pomeroy Burton and Lord Riddell, I shared some keen and well-remembered foursomes when the course was newly opened, and almost before Herbert Fowler—"still going strong"—had put the finishing touches to what will always remain his monument. Ernest gave as an opinion I unhesitatingly endorsed that the effect, psychological and actual, of the rough at Walton Heath made it four strokes a round harder than its peers for the general run of golfer. While we were debating, several members of the Oxford side confirmed us in our views, and a little later an experienced golfer—a non-combatant on this occasion—added a very illuminating illustration of how apt this demon heather was to sap a player's morale. He said: "It's all right while you keep on the course; you *can* see the fairways. But once you begin to pull or slice, the fairways disappear, and all you see is heather, and you're done." How many of us, setting out full of hope and eager to enjoy Walton Heath's challenging delights, and lulled, perhaps, by the deceptive ease with which James Braid "burnt up" the course, have experienced this malign and destroying influence! Hard indeed, but good for our souls.

A Generation of Jehus. Apropos of "burning up the course," Le Bas made another interesting observation, but in this case the "burning up" referred to the distance the young golfer of to-day can cover, and not to Braid's regular average of so many below 4's. He said he was amazed at the distance these Jehus drive, and put much of it down to the combination of swing-and-hit that they bring into the stroke. That was a very shrewd remark; but lest, in the relation of it, I give rise to any misunderstanding, I hasten to add he was in no way advocating hitting pure and simple, which means hitting early and results in hit-and-miss. No; the noticeable thing about the rising generation is that they swing widely and hit late—that terrific spurt in the last two feet before impact that has always been the secret of long drivers like Douglas Rolland, Freddie Tait, Ted Blackwell, and Braid. Now that secret is a secret no longer, but an accepted principle; and so Ernest Le Bas and many more of us find that, although with the help of the ball manufacturer we can drive as far as ever we could, the young men we meet out-drive us constantly by fifty yards and more. And when one of them drives bang on to the middle of the fifth green at Walton Heath from the new back tee with an iron, and reaches the seventeenth with a drive and a light iron—well, we can be excused for murmuring "It's no' possible, but it's a fac'."

Valentine Castlerosse and Lionel Munn. Then, just before leaving, I ran into Valentine Castlerosse, complete with a new set of clubs—irons, Hagen's latest product, wooden clubs by Whiting, of Royal St. George's. The irons were all that one would expect. The wooden clubs, a perfect trio, had the old-fashioned yellow heads. Said Valentine: "I like them because you can see the grain, and so the grain is good"! Another shrewd remark. He was full of Lionel Munn, with whom he had been playing at Sandwich, and told me he was in the pink of condition, playing grand golf, and able to find that extra forty yards of length whenever necessary. With the Walker Cup match in the offing, this is good hearing. What a couple Lionel would make with either Roger Wethered or Cyril Tolley!

1. *The friendly battle between Villa d'Este Club Team and Mougins was an interesting Riviera golf event. The result was an Italian victory. MR. FRANCIS RICARDO played for the visitors, and, as he is plus one, was a strong addition. He is seen (in a white cap) with his partner, Signor TOTI FRASCHINI, and CAPTAIN CHITTENDEN and MR. BARRINGTON WHITE.*
2. *LORD WHITBURGH, who played for the Mougins Club team in their match against Villa d'Este, is seen tossing "Heads I drive," with his opponent, MR. WILLY DOMBRE, one of the Villa d'Este side.*
3. *The HON. MICHAEL SCOTT, uncle of the Earl of Eldon and British Amateur Golf Champion, 1933; CAPTAIN RONALD and MRS. CHITTENDEN (he is the scratch golfer), and MISS D'ARCY HILLES, daughter of Mr. Hilles, of the beautiful Villa Clementina, are seen at the Cannes Country Club, Mougins. Mr. Hilles was the founder of the club.*
4. *This group, taken when Villa d'Este played a Mougins side at Cannes, shows SIGNOR CAMILLO RICORDI and SIGNOR C. GRISSO, both of Villa d'Este, with MESSRS. SYDNEY ALLEN and DAVID GOOLD.*

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The Ladye Jayne CURL-CLIP

Harrods Coats make Fashion history!

(Above) Copied from Mainbocher, this Coat of soft Woollen Cloth cut on tailored lines, boasts a unique collar draped in the manner of a monk's hood. Half-belt at back; lined throughout. Sand Beige, Navy, Stone. Small and Average sizes 6½ Gns.

(Centre) This Sports and Travel Coat of soft Blanket Cloth has highly original yoke of Suède dyed to match. Solid Suède buttons and roll-top pockets are other new features and a gay Angora Scarf completes. Navy or Beige. Small and Average sizes 9½ Gns.

The draped collar on the one, the suède yoke and 'roll-top' pocket of another—sheer ingenuity of the third—these are touches that make Fashion history. Sketched from Harrods Coat Collection, where many choice designs await you, all of individual chic and interest.

(Right) A double purpose Coat inspired by Raphael. Of check woollen. Can be worn closed on chilly Spring days or buttoned back as sketched to show the dress beneath. Note the amusing stitched mock pockets. Sand Beige, Ciel Blue, Navy. Small and Average sizes 6½ Gns.

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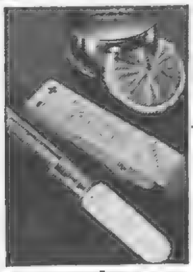

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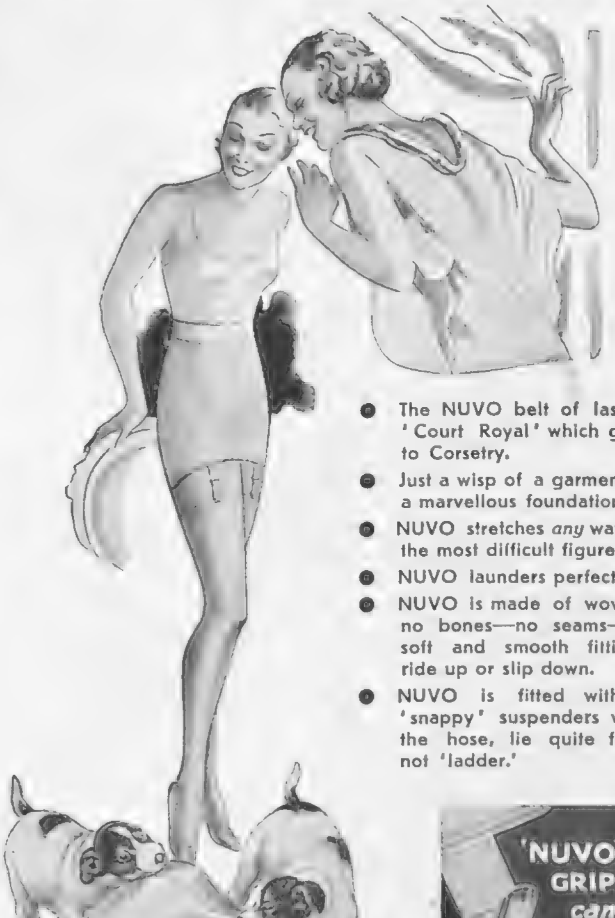

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By LOUIS KAYE

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"They came through the stunted, parched mulga, and stopped where the dusty pad led to a waterhole among a growth of coolibahs.

Floyd halted his captives and dismounted. He left the blacks standing, while he unpacked the packcamels and hobbled them; then he started to unsaddle his riding camel, but looked at the blacks and changed his mind—last time he had unsaddled before securing the prisoners they had led him a chase through half a mile of mulga scrub, driving the hobbled camels before them with yells, and yielding to recapture only when his bullets whistled successively closer to their fugitive bodies. Now they watched him with sullen eyes as he stepped toward them.

'Shift overnear that tree,' he ordered. And when they sulkily obeyed: 'Sit down,' he said.

The four, all linked together by the light chain that handcuffed each right wrist, squatted down in the dust, and Floyd took another length of chain, passed it through a ring and then around the tree, and padlocked the two ends together. He put the key in his pocket, and, taking up a waterbag from the pack dump, went down to the waterhole and filled it, bringing it back in a moment and leaving it with the blacks. One drank, and passed the bag on till they had all drunk, and then left it in the dust and resumed their immobile attitude, squatted on their heels, like ebon replicas of each other.

Floyd had arrested them for cattle stealing, after tracking them beyond the headreaches of the Oakover out into the desert by the Paterson Ranges. Anyway, his black-tracker had tracked them. . . ."

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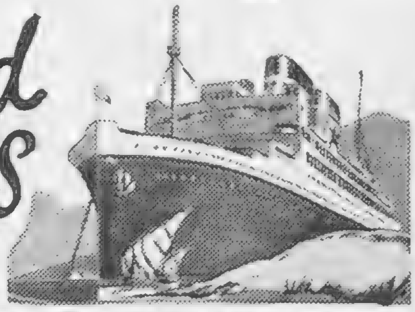

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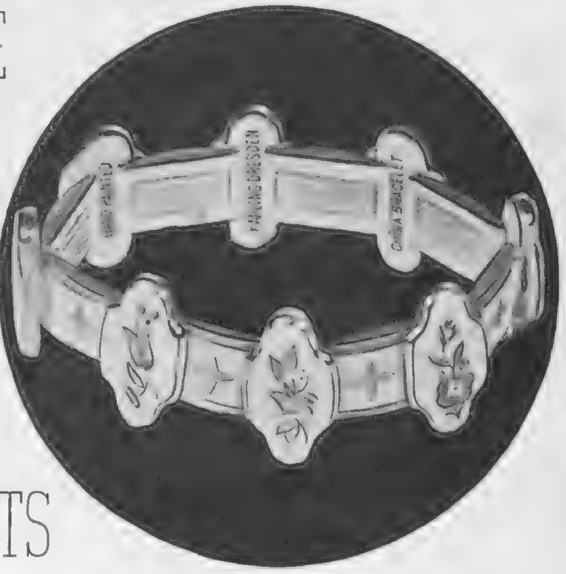

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"VERY sorry, but I 'm too busy to bother,' and the broker backed into his room, leaving the insurance agent stranded in the outer office.

"It 's my own fault," he admitted. "In a rash moment, I filled up a post-card, and now the company won't give me a moment's peace."

"You 're already insured, of course ? "

"Not enough. If I were to die in a hurry, there must be a tidy bit of Death Duties to pay, with prices standing so high as they do."

Our Stroller thought this over. "You look upon insurance as a means of providing for Death Duties, do you ? " asked he.

"It 's rather necessary, don't you think ? More so, in fact, than ever, because of the enormous rise in so many Stock Exchange prices."

"I don't find my income is increasing."

"No ; that 's just it. Your capital value is, though, and therefore you ought, theoretically, to increase your life insurance against Death Duty claims."

Our Stroller remarked that the Americans told him, when he was last in New York, that they couldn't comprehend why Britishers were so greatly under-insured.

"You wouldn't have insurance companies advertise in popular papers like *The Sketch*, for instance? "

"Why ever not ? They would reach a good many insurable people who don't read the financial papers or look at the pages which the insurance companies now choose for their announcements. Stodgy stuff it is too, as a rule."

"The insurance companies find it jolly hard to know what to do with their money," observed the broker's partner. "Hang these lighters ! "

Our Stroller lit a match, and handed it to him. "Thanks," said the partner, applying the match to the wick. A feeble flame flickered and went out before the broker could light his cigarette.

"It 's my opinion," declared Our Stroller, "that we shall see the coupon - system come back again."

The brokers doubted this. "After all," said one of them, "Players never gave presents, and yet they have always been amazingly popular.'

"Any good cigarettes will sell on their own merits so long as they 're kept in the public eye——"

"I keep mine in a case, or in my mouth. Wonderful investments the shares, too : Imps., Bats., Carreras, Cantabs—"

"What are Cantabs ? "

"Imperial Tobacco of Canada. The Imperial of Australia are Kangaroos."

"I hope they 'll jump like Imps. and Bats. All your industrials seem to have gone mad recently."

"That 's a fact. Can't make a mistake with shares like Dunlops, Chemicals, Courtaulds, Distillers."

"What is going to be the end of it all ? Aren't you frightfully busy in the House ? I suppose you are dead tired when you get home at night ? "

"Now, it 's a funny thing," remarked the broker. "After a hard day here, the very last thing that appeals to me is to go home and sit down in front of the fire after dinner and read the paper. I want to be doing something or other that will drive out every thought of business."

"Post-war restlessness," assumed his client.

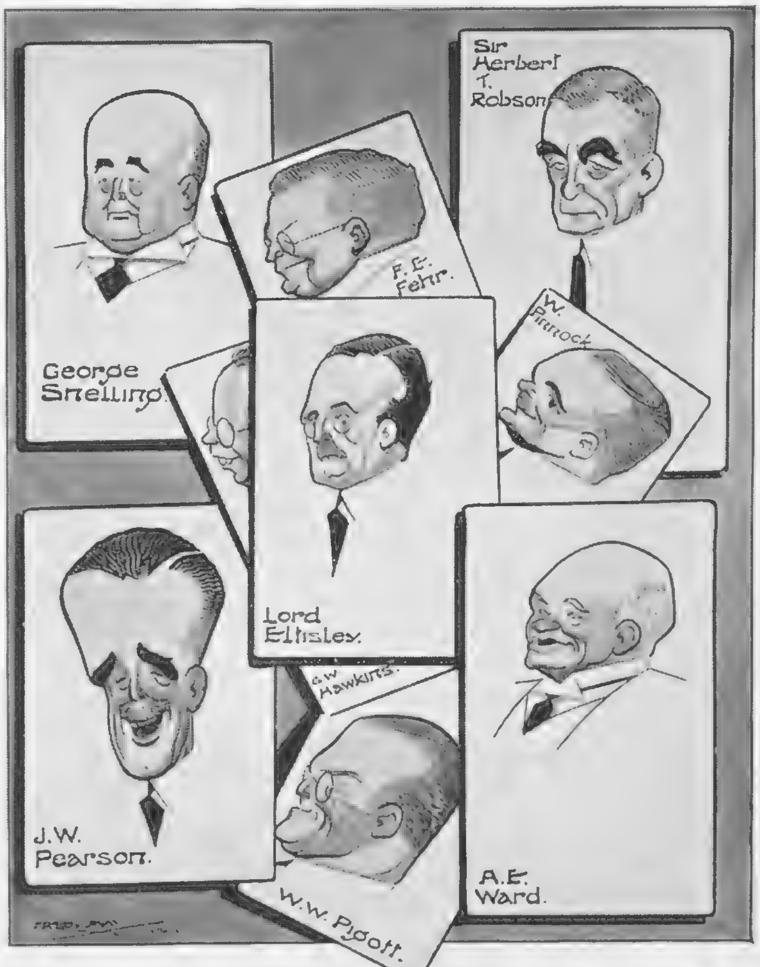
"Same with me," the broker's partner said. "I want some sort of distraction : theatre, dancing, cabaret, pictures."

"Bridge ? "

"Depends upon the people who are playing. I must be an infernal nuisance sometimes at home."

"Too temperamental : that 's what is wrong with you."

"Too old, more likely, for a business like this——"



FRED MAY AMONG THE CORN-BINS! Important figures in Grainery have inspired our caricaturist this week. MR. GEORGE SNELLING is a well-known City corn merchant, and a Director of English Grains. MR. JOHN W. PEARSON is Chairman and Managing Director of British Oil and Cake Mills, and Chairman of the National Seed Crushers' Association. MR. FRANK E. FEHR, C.B.E., is a Director of F. Fehr and Co., Corn and Grain Brokers and Merchants. SIR HERBERT T. ROBSON, K.B.E., is President of the London Corn Trade Association. LORD ELTISLEY, until his recent elevation to the Peerage, was Sir Douglas Newton, Chairman of the Agricultural Committee in the House of Commons. MR. W. PINNOCK is a Director of the Corn Exchange Company. MR. E. A. WARD is Governing Director of John Burstall. MR. W. W. PIGOTT is a familiar personality in the City, as he is Secretary of several associations directly connected with corn and grain. MR. G. W. HAWKINS is also in the same market.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

The Stock Exchange presented a scene of liveliest activity. Our Stroller instinctively sought the safety of a place against one of the walls in the Yankee Market, but he had to make himself as flat as rubber shares to avoid being pushed hither, shoved thither, knocked out of the way by the incessant streams of darting clerks, hasty members, and eager blue-buttons.

The effect of the noise and the general hurly-burly was like that of a huge factory. The roar and the whirr of human machinery confounded the senses ; it deafened the hearing ; confused the sight ; bewildered the intelligence.

"How on earth you can deal in this Babel——"

The broker hauled him into a quieter market, one of several to which the rush of business has hardly penetrated. It seemed incongruous that there should be these oases so pacific, when, a dozen yards off, the excitement ran so fast and furiously.

"Newspaper shares are good," said a broker, as he slipped by with a wire in his hand. "I 'm told—papers—doing much better than—year ago."

"Yes, but if I sell, what am I to do with the money ? " queried a voice, with the all-too-familiar lament, on the other side of him.

"You can lock-up——"

"Oh, lock-up your great-grandfather ! 'Lock-up' ? Do you take me for a garage or a safe-deposit ? "

"Talking of that, you know those bits of jewellery I showed you the other day ? Chap asked me if I could do anything for him in the House. Four pieces : you remember ? "

"Pendant and bracelet and rings ? "

"Yes. They 're all gone. Four hundred and fifteen pounds for the lot."

"What did you get out of it ? "

"Me ? Nothing at all, you ass. I deal in Industrials, not gems. Just shows you, though, the money there is about for what I should call luxury things. People don't mind spending while they are making good profits."

"You can sell anything, nowadays. Doesn't matter what. Furniture, furs, houses, cruises, motors, jewellery—the more a thing costs, the better are your chances for coming across a buyer."

"I don't know. What about the mining markets ? "

"Finished. That 's what we are. Finished by that," he heard a dealer in Kaffirs say, nodding despondently towards the turmoil over there in the Industrial Market.

"'Finished' ! " echoed a fellow jobber scornfully. "Why, that 's the very best thing we can have. When the public are tired of Industrials, they will come back to us. It 's written on the wall."

"Where ? " asked the Jeremiah.

"On that wall ? No, Sir. That 's a list of the Stock Exchange Managers who were in office when this part of the House was opened in Eighty-Seven." He pointed to the names cut into the granite pillars.

"Funny old fossil, aren't you ? I say that when the Miscellaneous Market has ceased to draw the public, we shall see people rushing over here to buy Kaffirs and Rhodesians."

"You can buy Goldfields and wait for the interim dividend next month."

"Paris has been a seller of her stocks lately, though. The political speculations have spoilt her appetite for financial gambles."

"You wouldn't call Goldfields a gamble ? "

"There 's that against them, I agree. More of an investment than a speculation. That 's why I like East Rand Consols. Possibilities, my boy. Chances. Risks. You never know ; what ? "

"Burma Corporations and a rise in silver ! " shouted a jovial voice.

"Rhokanas and a rise in copper," added a second. "What do you say, Old Sober-Sides ? " and he wheeled round to a small man standing with hands deep in his pockets. "What 's your own particular fancy ? "

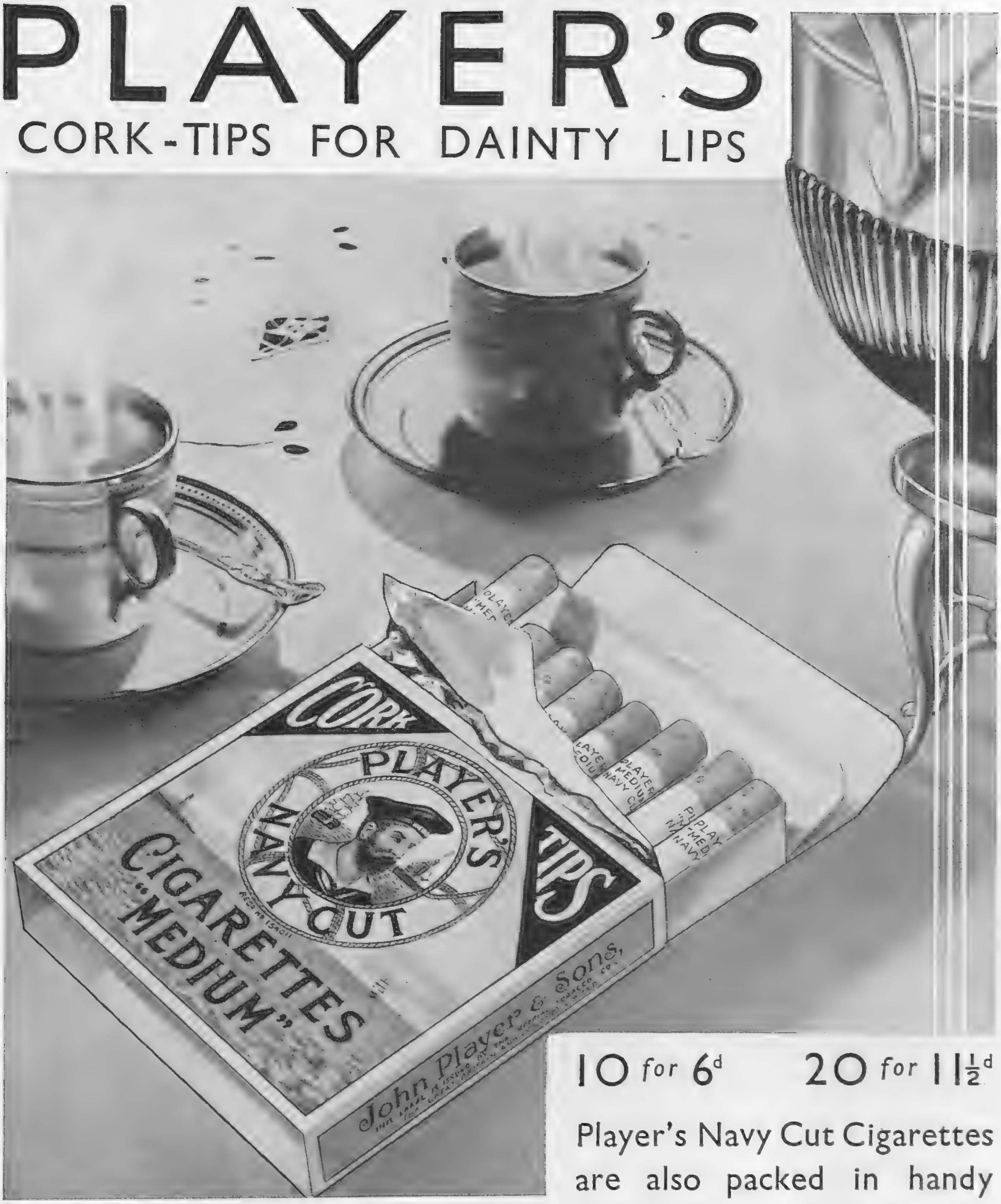
"Me ? Mine ? Well "—and he gazed far up, into the very lantern of the Kaffir Market dome—" I will give you a double."

"Scotch ? Make it a treble."

"Aye. Scotland for the Rugger ; Cambridge for the Boat Race ; and St. Patrick's Day for us all ! " *Friday, March 9, 1934.*

PLAYER'S

CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS



10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady's handbag.

N.C.C. 207. F. Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

RING UP THE CURTAIN!

WITH Brooklands officially reopened, and the great R.A.C. Rally to Bournemouth in full swing to-day, the 1934 sporting season may be said fairly to have begun. Perfect weather made the Brooklands opening as much a social as a sporting event, while the fact that the contractors had not finished their job of work on the banking prevented the whole of the track being used, and consequently the betting fans did not take matters so seriously as usual, and had a little time to talk to their pals.

People who can drive well, but have not the good fortune to possess super-super racing cars, got their chance in the half-mile sprint races from scratch, as well as in the two-mile handicaps. The "Round-the-Mountain" races, too, proved as popular as ever, and were not devoid of thrills. I did hear a few people grumbling that they could not see the racing, but if that were so they had only themselves to blame. From the grandstand at the fork one obtained an excellent view of the finishes of both types of race; while, if one was not too lazy to walk as far as the paddock, one could get quite a lot of fun out of watching the faces of competitors as they awaited the dropping of Mr. Ebblewhite's minute Union Jack.

The "woman interest" at the meeting was high, for several of the short events were open to feminine drivers. By general consent, Mrs. K. Petre was adjudged the most attractively turned-out woman driver, her bright-blue overalls exactly matching the colour of her two-litre Bugatti racer. In one half-mile sprint she was only beaten by those two famous drivers, Oliver Bertram, with his enormous Delage, and

[Continued overleaf.

Embodying PACE WITH GRACE, the new TWELVE-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SPORTS COUPÉ is priced at £285 and is definitely a very good buy.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., *All-British Firm,* Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Continued]
T. S. Fothringham, while immediately afterwards she won a similar event by forty yards from M. P. Simpson. Miss Joan Richmond, incidentally, took third place in this race, driving the old three-litre Ballot that Jack Dunfee used to race. In this same event, Mrs. Tolhurst competed with a supercharged Riley "Nine."

In another half-mile scratch race, Miss McOstrich took second place with her ivory-and-black "90" Talbot; while Miss Margaret Allan, who knows as much about yachts and horses as she does about cars, which is saying a great deal, finished third in her big green 4½-litre Bentley. What with a certain amount of aerial activity as well, there was plenty to interest and amuse. One of the new wingless Autogiros had a slow-flying race with a Moth; to everybody's astonishment and delight, however, the Autogiro proceeded to fly *backwards*, disappearing tail-first in the direction from which it had come!

THIS WEEK AT BOURNEMOUTH.

By the time these words appear in print, the R.A.C. Rally will be in full swing. Four hundred motorists, less the inevitable number laid low at the last moment by the ravages of 'flu or other seasonable complaints, started on Tuesday afternoon and evening from such diverse spots as London, Leamington, and Liverpool, Buxton and Bath, Norwich and Newcastle, and Glasgow and Harrogate.

This morning the London and Bath competitors will be in Glasgow; the Leamingtonians will be in Norwich; the Norwich contingent are due at Woodhall Spa; the Buxton and Liverpool crowds will be at Harrogate; the Harrogate group at Liverpool; the Glaswegians are due at Bath; and the smallest contingent of the lot, starting from Newcastle, are due to reach Southsea. This, I think, gives some idea of the way the Rally competitors pass up and down the roads of England, before they finally assemble at Bournemouth, from ten o'clock onwards, to-morrow morning.

It is good fun watching the competitors arrive. Some come dirty and unshaven, their exhausted passengers snoring in the back seats. Others appear in magnificent automobiles, on which hours of toil have been expended to give that "show-room finish" before checking-in. In this class, if I know anything about them, will be the fleet of Armstrong-Siddeley sports models. For the last two Rallies the Armstrong-Siddeley people have been represented by at least one car from each starting-point. This year the cars will all be of the new "Sports Twelve" type, some being fitted with coupé bodies, some with open coachwork, and some with an extremely ingenious type of convertible body. A wonderful colour-scheme has been thought out. By sending in their entries to the R.A.C. bright and early, the Armstrong-Siddeley drivers have got numbers which enable them to arrive simultaneously at the finish at Bournemouth. Some of these cars are painted in brilliant colourings, so that the "Sports Twelves" will, when they arrive, look like a rainbow on the move! Incidentally, it is interesting to observe that 10 per cent. of the women drivers in the Rally have chosen the new Armstrong-Siddeley "Sports Twelves" for the event, doubtless on account of their extreme comfort, ease of handling, and high cruising speed.

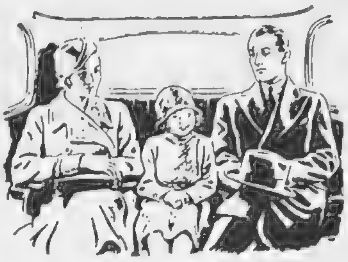
Whatever the result of the Rally, as far as the competitors are concerned, there is no doubt that it makes wonderful propaganda not only for Bournemouth, which will be *en fête* to receive the competitors, but for every one of the starting-points, as the names of these are printed in large letters on the official number-plates which the competitors have to carry.

[*Continued overleaf.*

You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear

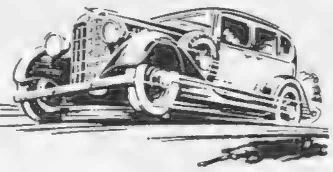
And it's not fair to complain when cold weather shows up the faults of a poor petrol. Shell is good all the year round—and in Winter has extra volatility for quick-starting.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



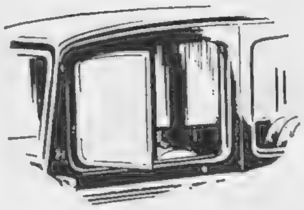
ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room. Adjustable front seats. Sensibly wide doors.



PERFORMANCE

Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h. 25 to 30 miles per gallon.



NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much or as little fresh air as each individual wants without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.

EASY GEAR CHANGE

You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gearbox. Silent third gear.

THE CAR SUCCESS OF THE YEAR—AND ***WHY***

Over 13,000 motorists have been content to wait weeks for delivery of this Light Six by Vauxhall. Even with nine months' day-and-night work the Vauxhall factory was not able to cope with the rush of orders.

And now this *one* snag is removed. Factory extensions costing over £500,000 now enable Vauxhall to meet the demand. For the first time since last June you can now get normal delivery of a Vauxhall Light Six.

All the good things that go to make up your ideal Light Six are in the Vauxhall. Big car comfort—brisk acceleration—real petrol economy—Synchro-Mesh easy gear change—together with the new special No-Draught system of ventilation. From bumper to bumper it is every inch a Vauxhall, with its stylish modern lines backed by thirty years' experience in building high-grade cars.

Your local Vauxhall dealer will be glad to give you a demonstration, or write direct to Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9

VAUXHALL

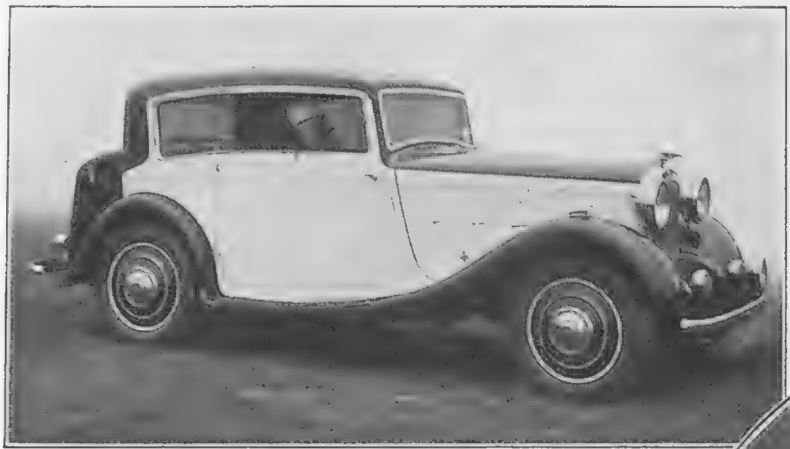
LIGHT SIX—12 h.p. and 14 h.p.

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p. model only) £195 *Sliding Roof £5 extra.*

DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation and eleven other refinements **£215.**

The 12 h.p. model for true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs.
The 14 h.p. model for the maximum acceleration and an extra turn of speed.

VAUXHALL BIG SIX—Light Six value on a larger scale. 20 h.p. Saloon with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, £325. 7-seater Limousine, £550.



MISS PHYLLIS DEACON, of Llandudno, a competitor in the R.A.C. Rally, arranged to start from Liverpool in her HUMBER "VOGUE" SALOON, in which she is here posed.

The AUSTIN LIGHT TWELVE-SIX HARLEY DE LUXE SALOON is one of the most successful models in a highly popular car "family." It is now available with either a 13·9-h.p. or a 15·9-h.p. engine at no difference in price—which, incidentally, is £225.

Continued.]

On Friday, eliminating tests will be held to find out who has really won the Rally. So well has the secret of these tests been kept that even to-day, when the Rally is in full swing, not one of the 400 competitors has the faintest idea what he or she will be asked to do on arrival at the finish. Putting two and two together, however, I think it is fairly safe to forecast that there will be some sort of hill-climbing test; for a steep ascent, situated conveniently near the Undercliff Drive, has, within the last few days, and for no very apparent reason, been carefully re-surfaced with a non-skid dressing! The very fact that the Undercliff Drive has been reserved for the use of the R.A.C. on Friday morning suggests that some sort of brake and acceleration test is likely to be held. The winner of the Rally, then, is more than likely to be the driver of a high-performance car which not only covers the 1000-miles road section without bother, at the quite useful average speeds imposed, but displays the best combination of acceleration and braking power in the final test. Braking power is, of course, a most important factor in the safety question, and the driver of the car with good acceleration and reliable braking is always safe and usually happy!

RENAULT

The Renault 12 H.P. Coupé is the only car of its type and class. The folding head is light and quick in operation and is completely concealed when down. The fully upholstered dickey provides ample room for two full sized adults, and winding windows of safety glass are fitted. The price of £250 includes free choice from 80 coachwork colours and 52 upholstery materials (leather or cloth).

Write at once for particulars

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West End Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, S.W.1

12 H.P. DROP-HEAD COUPE

£250 *including finish and upholstery to choice.*

RENAULT

★ ★ ★ EFFECTIVE MARCH 1st, 1934

Reduced £16 In Price,

Increased Substantially in Value,

Ford

IS THIS NEW FOURTEEN

The New FORD FOURTEEN Saloon de Luxe. **£199** *for the "Full" Family Five-Seater, Completely Equipped, at Works, Dagenham.*

REDUCED PRICES

Saloon (2 Doors)

£172

Saloon de Luxe (4 Doors)

£199

Prices of Other Ford Passenger Cars Remain Unchanged.

● OUTSTANDING FEATURES ●

Ample Power, *from the smooth, sweet-running engine with the counter-balanced crankshaft;*

Comfortable Roominess & Luxurious Upholstery, *plus Liberal Equipment, in the lastingly safe, silent and strong body-construction;*

Resplendent Weather-Proof Finish Externally, *with wings, etc., rust-proofed before enamelling;*

Synchronised Gear-Change, *with Silent Second Speed for traffic-threading;*

Score-Proof Non-Squealing Brake-Drums;

Rubber-Mounted Power-Unit: New Lamps;

Jar-Free Steering, and Adequately Large Tyres;

Yet the Saloon de Luxe (4 Doors) illustrated, costs only £199, at Works, Dagenham. Saloon (2 Doors), £172, at Works.

Permit us to forward literature describing the Ford Fourteen in detail, and the address of the nearest Dealer. He will give you a really informative road-trial, and explain Ford Facilities, with fixed, low charges for repairs, and replacements with genuine Ford parts, made from highest-grade materials, and interchangeable to a thousandth of an inch.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

(See Page 482.) 14/3/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXLVI.

USE SYSTEMS FOR GAME, NOT SLAM BIDS!

MY slam bidding account has reached over 20,000 points—lost in a fortnight! I mention this fact in the hope of impressing it on my readers that slam bidding does not pay. No doubt it is very exciting and all that, but I am pretty confident that the excitement does not make up for the disappointment following failure. I am not sure that opponents of the slam player do not get most of the excitement—on downing the contract they most certainly get 100 per cent. of the fun! Now conventions are set up "as a safe method" of arriving at a slam call; experience proves that no legitimate bidding system or convention has yet been devised that is "safe," or at any rate that shows a balance of profit. But that is no reason why one of the better-known systems should not be employed "as a safe method" of arriving at a game call, and if used *only* for that purpose it should be extremely convenient—not alone convenient, but also profitable. And, believe me, although you set out only to bid *and make* game, when there is a slam sticking out on the cards, that pleasant state of affairs will automatically show up—the slam will be bid *and made* with greater safety than under present arrangements. But of course the system, whatever it may be, needs a little alteration in application.

Let us take the popular "two-club" convention. For this the bidder needs five quick—I mean honour—tricks. In reply partner will bid two diamonds (nine times out of ten), after which the honest bidding commences, and may not be dropped until a game bid has been arrived at. Suppose this is a sound method—which, of course, it is not; I think it is definitely unsound, but, as the vast majority of contractors employ it and like it, and so, I suppose, see something in it, there is no sense in my crying out against it—suppose it is sound, I say, then why not start off bidding two clubs on nothing but a *probably game hand*? Cut out all this five-trick business, and look only for a game proposition. Why not bid two clubs on any one of the following hands?—

SPADES—A, K, Q, x, x, x.	SPADES—A, Q, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
HEARTS—A, x.	HEARTS—K, Q, x.
CLUBS—x, x, x.	CLUBS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x.	DIAMONDS—x, x.

SPADES—Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
HEARTS—A, K, x.
CLUBS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—x.

Each of these hands has a game ring about it, but each falls far short of five quick tricks; and consequently no forcing bid is made. Such hands are bid in a variety of ways, the worst being three spades; the next worst two spades—one is nearly as bad as the other. A two-club opening will make partner say something; if it is encouraging, the holder bids game; if it is the misery two diamonds, then the holder will bid two spades. Now comes the difficulty—partner must respond again, and if it is still a misery response, not much good will result, since the bidding must be kept open. Here, then, another change is necessary; at the moment it strikes me that the easy way out is—if the opener re-bids the same suit, then partner may pass. Thus here: two clubs; two diamonds; two spades; two no-trumps; three spades; PASS! Perhaps I have taken a bad example in trying to apply my method to the "two-club" convention; I had better have made it fit in with the "one-club" affair, where the bidding may be dropped short of game. I will return to this subject next week, for I am confident that *any* bidding system applied only to game calls, and not to slams, is a sound idea.

In the meantime, Colonel Buller has been good enough to tell me that he will reserve seats for any of my readers who would like to see his match against Almacks. This will be a great contest, and will be played at the Dorchester Hotel on March 19 and 20, at 4.30 in the afternoon and 9.30 at night. Admission is free, but by ticket only. These may be had by application to me.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MARCH 7.

ACROSS.—1. Doeskin. 9. Solve. 10. Nobleman. 12. Senna. 13. Untender. 14. Fastness. 15. Boost. 16. Weeds. 18. Reformer. 22. Edgeways. 23. Kedge. 24. Snail. 27. Jiggered. 29. Heirloom. 30. Rinse. 31. Renewest. 32. Ulcer. 33. Tempers.

DOWN.—1. Dog-eared. 2. Eventide. 3. Sedan. 4. Industry. 5. Nouns. 6. Bluebook. 7. Beano. 8. Hades. 11. Nurture. 16. Welsher. 17. Swallows. 19. Estimate. 20. Reveille. 21. Egresses. 25. Never. 26. Irked. 27. Joist. 28. Group.

MRS. CUMMING, The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Feb. 28 to be first opened on Monday morning, March 5. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

Aston-Martin Le Mans Special

"FLOAT-ON-AIR" is standard on the Aston-Martin

The Aston-Martin gives the impression of being built regardless of cost, perfection has been striven for at every point, and with the upholstery, perfection has been attained by standardising "Float-on-Air" pneumatic upholstery.

LOW COST OF CONVERSION

	EACH SEAT CUSHION Front	Rear
Austin 10	28/6	58/6
Morris 10 (all models)	31/-	58/6
Ford 8	28/6	58/6
Hillman (Minx)	28/6	67/-
Standard (9 & 10)	28/6	67/-
Vauxhall (light 6)	28/6	67/-
Daimler 15	33/6	67/-

Existing leather or fabric upholstery coverings are not changed.
Every model of every car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" at prices proportionate to size of seat.

With "Float-on-Air," road shocks and vibration are completely absorbed by the cushion of air which gently supports the user with equal pressure at every point, and hard spots are entirely eliminated.

The luxurious comfort of "Float on-Air" is available to every car owner, for the upholstery of your present car can be converted to "Float-on-Air" by any body builder, or any new car, if insisted upon, can be fitted with "Float on-Air."

DAVID MOSELEY & SONS LTD · ARDWICK · MANCHESTER, 12

Make OXO a matter of "COURSE"

BEEF at its BEST

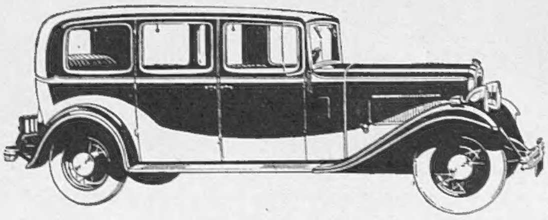
9/33

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

Thousands of miles of dependable motoring ahead of her . . .

She's INVESTED IN AN AUSTIN

She's got at last what she always wanted: a car whose mechanism she can forget, a demon for work, a niggard on fuel, an ungrudging slave, a friend in a thousand . . . *a dependable Austin.* She bought it partly on the recommendation of friends, partly on her own observation. Surely, she thought, these thousands on the road are not the result of haphazard choice. It must be that dependability tells! And she was right. Now she can seat herself at the wheel for the longest journey by day or night, with a carefree mind—so comfortable, so confident that her Austin will see her through. She's happy with the gears—for Synchromesh makes all the difference. The car rides the road steadily, thanks to the new cross-braced frame which, incidentally, eliminates body-rattle, while the new colour schemes and spare-wheel cover add just that finishing touch of smartness she wanted. Yes, Jane knows she has thousands of miles of dependable motoring ahead of her. *And you?*



The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine.

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN

The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine (*as illustrated*) Seven Seater. Vaumol hide or Bedford cord upholstery. Adjustable screen separating driving compartment. 23.5 h.p. 6-cylinder engine. 4-speed gearbox with Synchromesh gears. Triplex glass. Chromium finish. Dunlop tyres. Price at works, £595. The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.

Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.— (Continued from Page 482.)

Mr. Bloomfield's portrait a little too highly coloured; too obviously inspired by sympathy with his subject's political aims. As long as he is concerned with Morris the man, Mr. Bloomfield's book is admirable: fresh, amusing, perceptive, stimulating, eloquent. His ready emotional sympathy enables him to appreciate to the full characters as temperamentally different from each other as Morris, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti; he can convey vividly the charm and comfort of companionship, and the force of the common aspiration which animated the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. But when he leaves the world of human beings for the realm of ideas, his critical faculty seems to forsake him, and he becomes a simple partisan — applauding, even on literary grounds, Morris's crudest efforts in political propaganda. To an impartial reader the last part of his book, with its frank appeals to sentimentalism and class prejudice, is a disappointment. One turns with relief to Mr. Weekley's brief, unbiassed summary. Still, even in its most unbalanced moments, Mr. Bloomfield's biography preserves certain fundamental merits; it is vigorously and refreshingly alive, and, if sometimes discursive, it never strays for long from the heart of its subject.

MR. NOËL GODBER, Author of "TWIN BEDSTEADS."

Mr. Noël Godber's latest book, "Twin Bedsteads," is described as "the funniest ever!" and there are many who will agree that the label is apt. Those who enjoyed the same author's "Amazing Spectacles" and "Keep It Dark" will certainly find it to their liking; as, no doubt, will numerous new readers.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

William Morris. By Paul Bloomfield. (*Barker; 10s.*)
William Morris. By Montague Weekley. (*Duckworth; 2s.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket.) 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30. —Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"HERE'S HOW" (Saville). 8.15.—George Robey and June. Excellent dancing. U.S.A. humour.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30. —By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30. —Leslie Hensonic farce with music.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30. —Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Printemps and Noel—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero of some exciting incidents.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit.' Baliol Holloway; Lesley Wareing; Agnes Lauchlan.

"NURSE CAVELL" (Vaudeville). 8.30. —Nancy Price admirably cast in record of heroism perfectly produced.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a spectacular slice of Russian history.

"THUNDER OVER MEXICO" (Polytechnic).—Beauty and power in Eisenstein's American production.

"UNFINISHED SYMPHONY" (Curzon). —A Schubertian romance, pictorially and musically delightful.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE" (Regal).—Glittering back-stage comedy starring James Cagney.

"WALTZES FROM VIENNA" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Star cast in charming adaptation of the stage success.

"JACK AHOY!" (Tivoli).—Hulbert, A.B., on active service.

"LA RUE SANS NOM" (Rialto).—Fine acting in a realistic French film.

"SIX OF A KIND" (Plaza).—A trip to California with three strong comedy teams.

"DARK HAZARD" (Plaza).—Edward G. Robinson in a dramatic story of greyhound racing.

"MAN'S CASTLE" (New Gallery).—A Frank Borzage idyll starring Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

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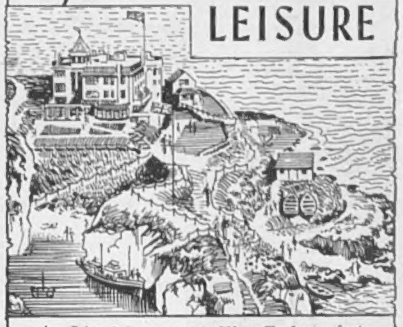

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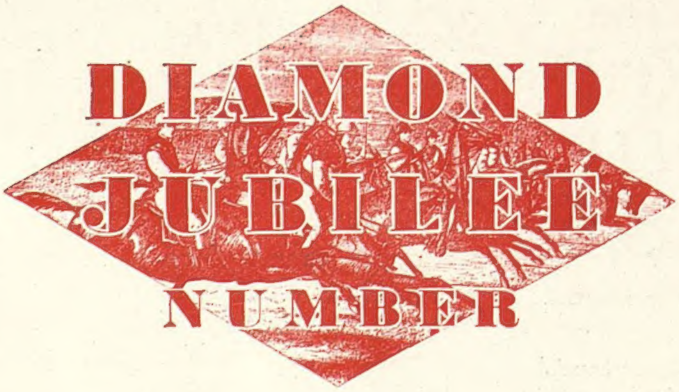

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